BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER
1944

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ROSE MARIE HODGSON
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1/3

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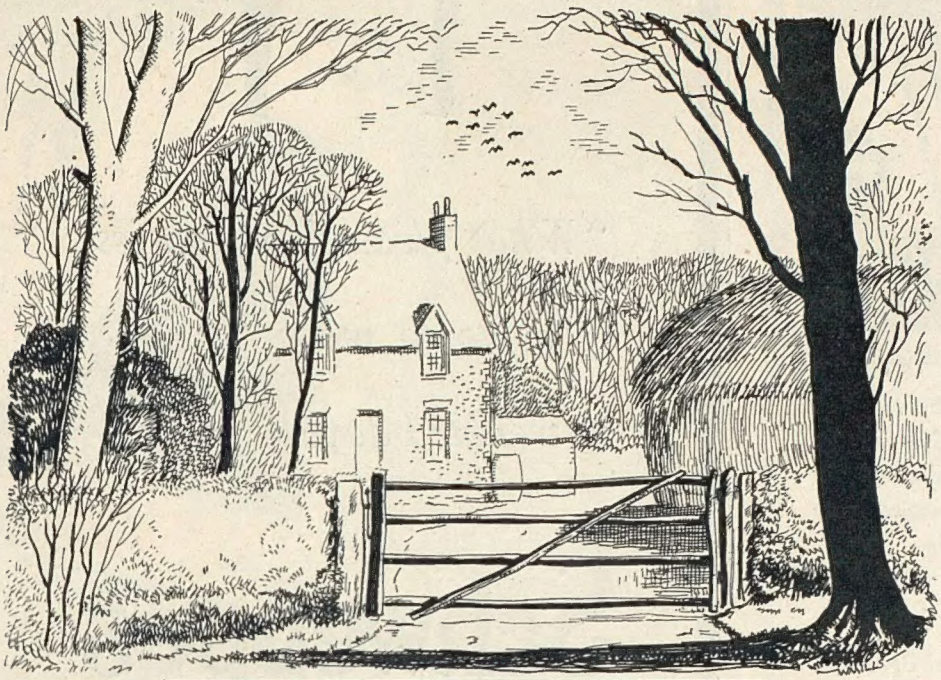
Scientific

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 29, No. 5 NOVEMBER, 1944



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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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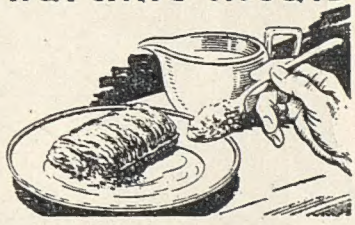

Wherever it is nowadays obtainable, Welgar Shredded Wheat is still the "first food of the day"—a substantial start to the day's wartime meals. Soon, we hope, we shall be able to resume nationwide distribution of this popular food.

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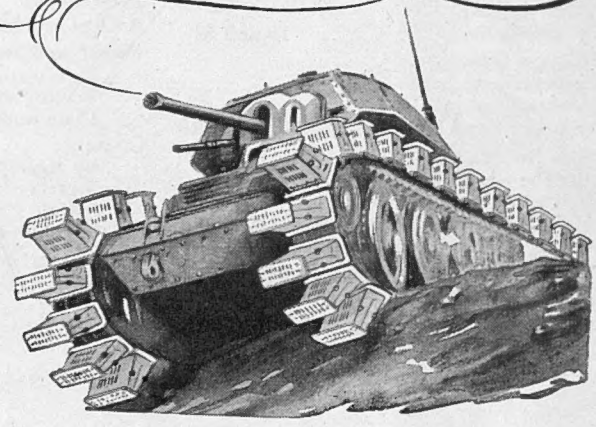

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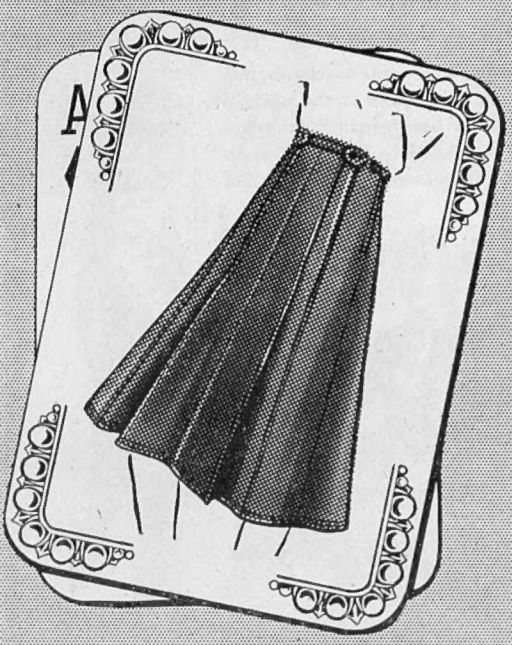

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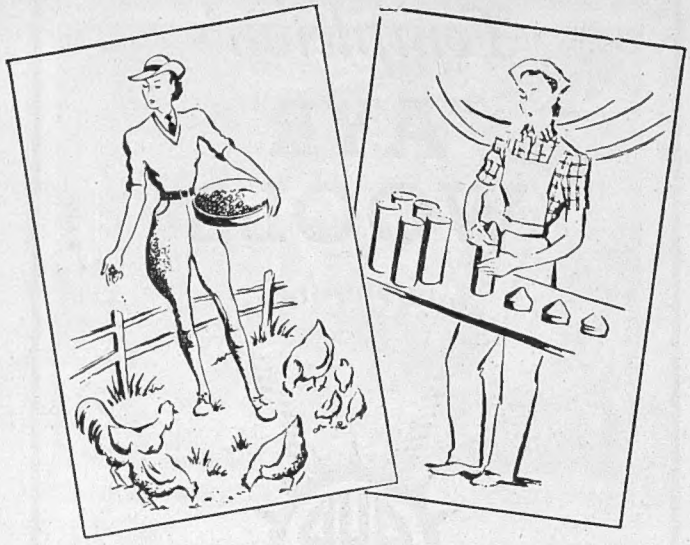
Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So if you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS



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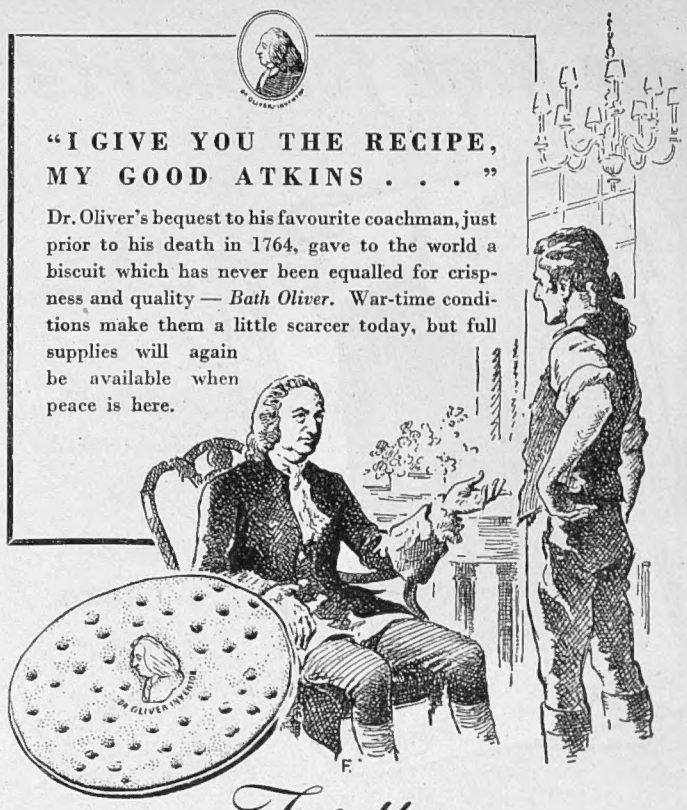
Dr. Oliver's bequest to his favourite coachman, just prior to his death in 1764, gave to the world a biscuit which has never been equalled for crispness and quality — *Bath Oliver*. War-time conditions make them a little scarcer today, but full supplies will again be available when peace is here.



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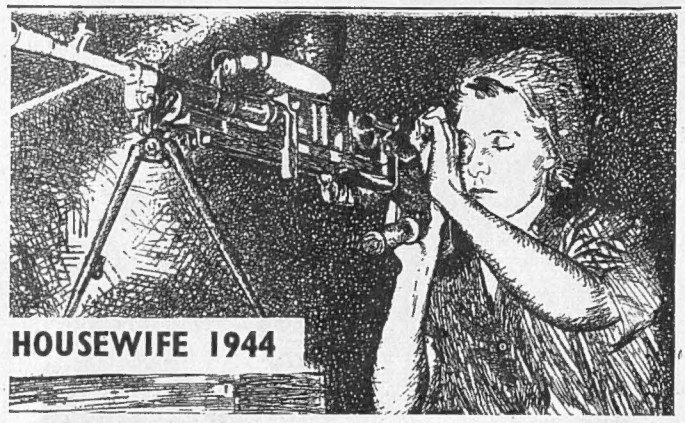
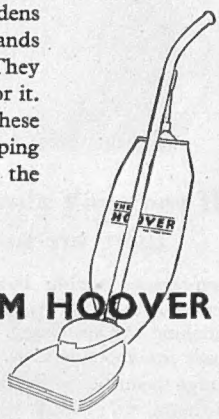
BATH OLIVER

BISCUITS

The Hand that held the Hoover checks the Gun!



With no glamour of uniform, with all the burdens and responsibilities of running a home, thousands of housewives in 1944 are war-workers too. They are doing a double job. They get no medals for it. But if ever women deserved especial honour, these do. So to all war-workers who also tackle shopping queues, cooking, cleaning, mending, and the hundred and one other household jobs—



NOV. 11 *Salute!* FROM HOOVER

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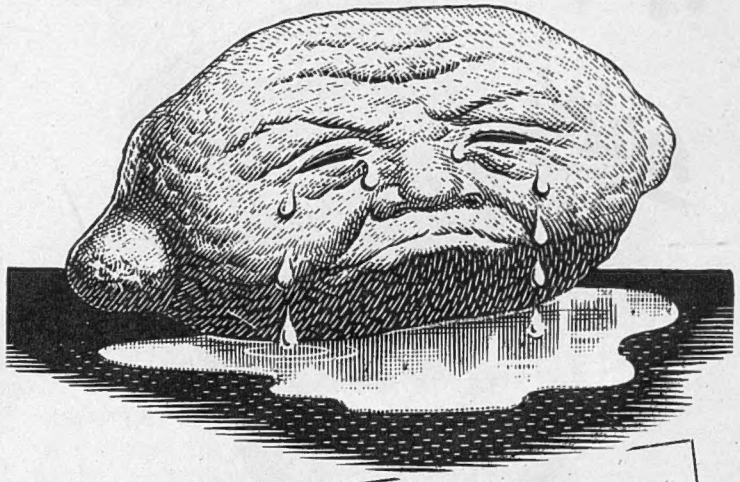

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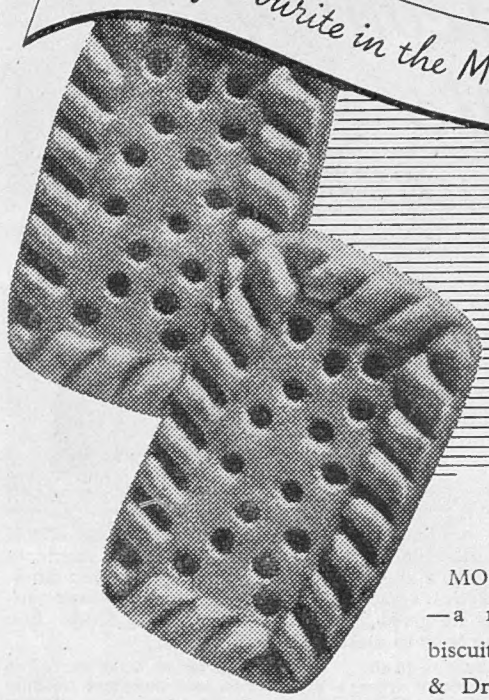

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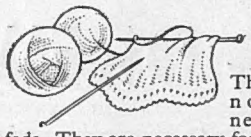
Procea Bread

The very best welcome you can give your baby is a beautiful body, a contented disposition—and a healthy, happy mother.

All these depend so much upon your having the right foods *and enough of them.* As the Radio Doctor says, you have to "eat for one and a bit;" so in addition to your ordinary good mixed diet of *all* your rations, potatoes, plenty of green vegetables (raw in salads, or cooked in the right way) and, within reason, anything else you fancy, you need a little extra of certain foods, for the sake of the little one. Because of this, you are given first call on these special foods. You owe it to yourself and baby to make sure you get them!

So directly you know baby is on the way, get a medical certificate from your doctor, a certified midwife or health visitor. Take or send it with your ration book and identity card to the local Food Office. They will return your book and card together with a green ration book altered to your needs, and the extra clothing coupons. You are then entitled to the following special allowances. Please start taking them *as soon as you know.* This is most important both to yourself and baby.



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2. Extra allowances of other foods.

MILK. 7 pints per week at 2d. per pint (or free in certain cases — ask your Food Office for particulars of the National Milk Scheme) in addition to the ordinary adult's allowance at ordinary retail price. *Milk is the almost perfect food. It "has everything" and the extra allowance will help you to breast-feed baby when the time comes, so giving him the best start in life.*

MEAT. An extra half ration on the green ration book, in addition to the ordinary ration on your own book. *This is to help you to rebuild tissue and to give baby a good firm body.*

EGGS. One shell egg per allocation on the green ration book in addition to the one egg on your own book. Two packets of dried egg on the green book in addition to one packet on your own book at each allocation. *Eggs are "builders", like meat, and help in the same ways.*

ORANGES. The same priority as children on the green book when supplies are available. *This is to give you and your unborn baby still more of the precious vitamin C.*

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Tuesday's child is full of grace
Wednesday's child is full of woe
Thursday's child has far to go
Friday's child is loving and giving
Saturday's child works hard for his living
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonny and blithe and good and gay.

Such radiant beauty, the birthright of *every* child, is the outward reflection of perfect health. Weetabix, the delicious whole wheat cereal food, not only builds the foundation of health and energy but helps to keep at bay the ills of winter-time.

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SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½P

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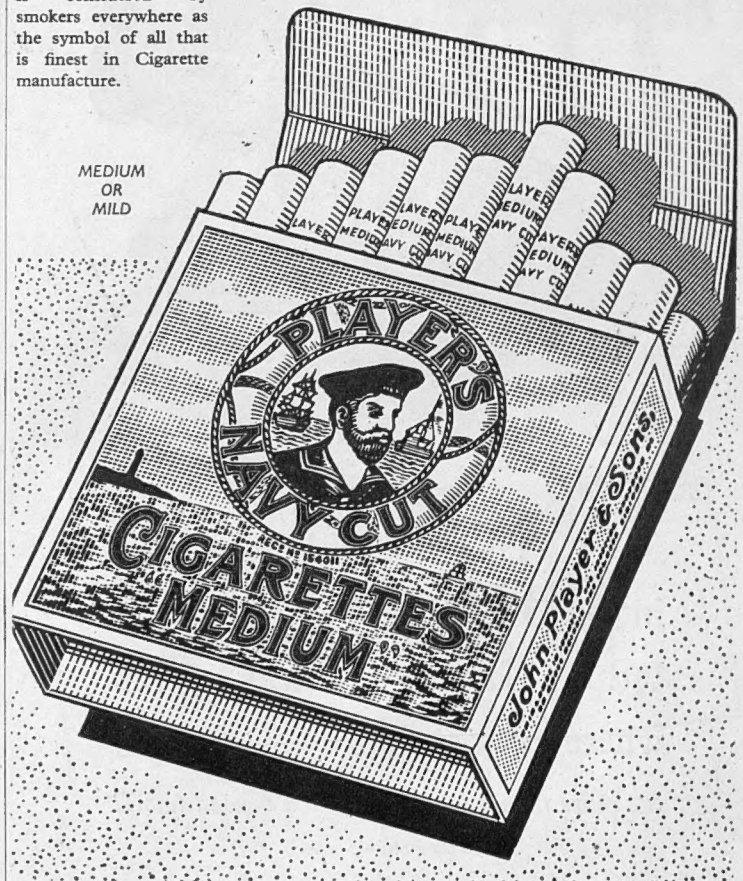

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. . . look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.

AN APOLOGY

THE famous "Powder-Puff" design known by millions of women throughout the world as the symbol of perfect face powder can no longer be printed because of its gay multiplicity of colours. But it will return like other pleasant things with the other luxuries that Peace will bring.

We have had two special packs with our "Powder-Puff" design since the War began. Dealers' stocks of these will soon be exhausted and we are now presenting a third Temporary Model, as illustrated, which, in spite of its spartan simplicity, clearly proclaims the fact that the powder inside retains its pre-war quality.

No change whatsoever has been made in the Coty "Air Spun" formula or processing. The ingredients employed are of the original high standard of purity. **BEWARE** of "Air Spun" offered loose or in any other form of pack than the three mentioned above. They can only be imitations.

New War Pack with plain cream background in two sizes - 2/6 & 4/9

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Because he's mostly on his horse

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'Viyella' and 'Clydella' women's service shirts—always paint-fresh, supremely washable and hard-wearing. In regulation Khaki, Air Force blue and white. Write for name of nearest stockist.

W5

NOVEMBER
Britannia & Eve
1944

She bent down and kissed him lightly on the forehead

Magdalene

How the Bitterness in a Man's Heart was Sweetened by a Woman's Love

By

L. Luard

THE earth was whirling towards him. He had been bounced. The F.W. 190, flashing out of the sun, had caught him a split second before he had been able to take evasive action. The controls became slack and soggy. A warm flow of blood trickled round his left hip; and he could not turn the aircraft on her back to bale out.

Before crashing, he experienced a wealth of detached emotion. Memories flashed across his mind, changing with the swift change of the earth's contours. Astonishment and wonder gave place to cold, vague uncertainty. Fear was absent—killed, perhaps, by the swiftness of events; but, unceasingly, he handled the controls with that touch of mastery born of faultless training.

When he awoke, the vision of patterned, green fields changed to a dim realisation of white walls, the soft touch of sheets, the glimpse of a coif above his face. His senses felt numbed, as though packed with cotton-wool; the desire for thought and realisation, a dominant urge, remained tantalising and furtive; his mouth, hot and dry, worked, attempting to frame words; a clawing nausea permeated the room, refusing to disperse.

"I 'm still alive," he murmured.

"Of course you are."

He searched for words. "Who are you?"

"I 'm looking after you."

"Why? Where am I? You 're white, like an angel."

He remained silent a minute, his right cheek, then his left, sinking into the softness of the pillow. "I want a drink," he muttered. "You look like the girl who once offered me one. You 're not her, are you? Perhaps you 're a saint. Saints aren't sinners, are they? What 's your name?"

He did not notice the sudden rigidity of her body, or the tightly-closed lips. Then she said in a low voice: My name 's Sister Venessa. Now you must stop talking. Sip this." He felt a slight prick in his arm, the merciful benison of science retarding for a few hours onset of reality.

"I 'm Pilot Officer Jim Barton," he said drowsily, his eyes half-closed. "Am I badly hurt?" His voice sank to a whisper. "Shall I be all right?"

"Of course."

He did not see the look of distant compassion evoked by his words.

BARTON'S Squadron Commander pushed the papers on his desk aside, and cupped his face in his hands. "Luck? The luck of the devil to get away with it. A chance in a thousand."

"True," the Adjutant returned. "We 've had a sticky run lately; but it 's bound to change."

"I wonder?" the other commented. "Nothing changes facts or compensates for the loss of good men. Barton would have gone far." He passed a hand across his forehead, then swivelled his chair, as though seeking fuller self-communion. "All right, Briggs," he said abruptly, "pack up what he wants and send it to the hospital. I 'll make Roland the new Flight Commander. Yes; I 'll write to his people . . ."

The Squadron also missed him, for he had been one of its best pilots, offensive-minded, with that guarded touch of reckless daring that so often produces brilliance. He was a good leader, too, sufficiently mature to influence the younger and less-experienced officers, fully blooded, yet a good companion when feats of consequence demanded

celebration. The irregular routine of a fighter pilot's life appealed to him, despite periods of monotony, always offset by periods of intense activity—the zest and verve of low-level sweeps over France, the exultation of being scrambled to intercept marauding aircraft, the heavy intoxication of air superiority merging into virtual mastery.

For many weeks his name was remembered, and his personality praised. Then the rolling waves of war, breaking endlessly, left him struggling in their backwash. Jim Barton—Sunny Jim, as he was often called—became a dim and distant memory.

AT times memory also tricked Reynolds, the senior hospital surgeon. Recently he had been harassed and overworked. Cases that gave every reason for hope often took unexpected turns for the worse, causing anxiety and sometimes despair. In the last few weeks he had been faced by a growing number of intricate operations, upon which depended men's futures, perhaps their lives. When he had time to think objectively, he would often speculate upon the sacrifice of the nation's youth, destined, it seemed, to safeguard lives of lesser worth.

He looked up. "Barton? An amputation at the hip, wasn't it, Sister?"

"Yes, doctor."

He relaxed; the suspicion of a smile touched his face. "I suppose he wants to know what it all means? Probably thinks he can fly again. They all do. Can you tell me what they're going to do afterwards?"

"I think they'll be able to do a lot, once they know themselves again."

Reynolds shrugged his shoulders. His eyes steadied on her. "Once they know themselves again. Venessa Brandon, you've as much charm as talent. I've no doubt you often help them more than I can. I try to mend broken bodies. Sometimes I succeed; sometimes I don't. But that's only the beginning. You try to consolidate and re-create by giving hope and faith."

"Haven't you answered your own question, doctor?"

"I'm not trying to inveigle myself into your good graces," he pursued. "I'm too old; but a lot of my boys seem to find you astonishingly attractive."

"Do they?" She faced him, self-possessed, a glow of colour in her cheeks, her grey eyes limpid beneath smooth, black hair. "Are you surprised? They've reached a crisis in their lives. They're lost. They need women above all—not for their bodies, but for their minds."

The surgeon nodded. "I'm an agnostic; but I admire faith. Well, Sister—what of Jim Barton?"

She smiled and moved a step nearer. He noticed the slimness of her figure. "He's an interesting case."

"Is he? You talk in parables. He's a perfectly straightforward one."

"None of these boys' minds are straightforward, doctor. How can they be? They're imprisoned in dark dungeons. Can't you understand?"

The surgeon clasped the sides of his chair. "At the end of the last war, when I was their age, I wanted, above all, a woman's smile, her lips, the touch of her hands far more than her mind. For that matter, most men do."

"Are you suggesting," Sister Venessa said with a touch of asperity, "I'm callow and innocent?"

His smile, broad and humorous, enveloped her. "Or that I'm in the same parlous condition?" He paused. "Sooner or later he'll have to know the truth," he concluded.

Her face lost its colour. "The truth? What truth?"

The surgeon looked up, surprised. "Come, Sister," he said indulgently. "The truth about his injuries. You almost make me believe you're in love with him."

She recovered her composure. "I'm not in love with anyone. Perhaps I never shall be."

"Plenty of men will fall in love with you."

She turned his comment. "Yes; I think he can bear the truth. Sometimes it's easier to hear the truth about oneself than about others."

The surgeon tapped the table. "I think you've been working too hard, Sister. Take a day off in the country, and get some sunshine and fresh air."

In blind despair he turned up a the impact of a woman's body

COLONEL BARTON sat before the fire. As his wife entered the room he rose with difficulty, leaning on a knotted stick.

"Richard, you're still as gallant as ever."

The smile on his gnarled, bronzed face deepened. "No longer gallant, my dear, but chivalrous."

"And always courteous, Richard, and still my lover."

He placed his arm round her. "The old courtesies, the old ways, hold good, Elizabeth. They always will. You've worn well, dearest, and carry your years lightly. Sixty, and still beautiful."

"In your eyes, Richard, which is everything."

Illustrations by
W. Smithson-Broadhead

side-street. The next moment sent one of his crutches flying

" No ; in Jim's eyes, too."

She placed another log on the fire. The half-light, retreating before the heightened flames, threw her tall figure into relief, glinting on the silver of her hair.

" I wonder . . ." she mused.

" I still wonder," he pursued, " why Jim 's met this fate. We gave Robert and John willingly enough—Robert, with all his wild, unruly ways ; John taking after you."

" Never willingly, Richard. The country's need and a mother's heart are always opposed."

" I know, I know ; but we hold our heads high in the warmth of pride and memory."

" Pride and memory. Your world, Richard—the traditions of your training. Jim was our youngest. I find some words inhuman."

" But we haven't lost him, my dear ; he 'll get over it and make good."

She watched him sit down, took his stick and placed it against the mantelpiece. " Sometimes I wonder," she said, " whether death is not kinder to youth than mutilation. Jim will have to start again mentally and physically. In a few years' time the world will have forgotten. He 'll have to struggle in a way we 've never known."

" We can fight for him, Elizabeth. He can come here ; he always has a home."

" Fight ! The word 's too familiar. We can fight for him—yes ; but not create. We can't create new limbs or new life."

" You mean we 're too old—too old in years, too set in our ways, hopelessly estranged from modern life ? "

She stretched her hands to the fire. " We can give him all the physical care he needs. But someone, Richard, has to kill the bitterness in his heart."

Colonel Barton's eyes steadied on his wife. " You hold both our lives in your keeping, my dear. It 's your task and privilege, though ultimately it must rest with himself."

" With himself," she murmured. " I know. Perhaps with some woman, too. Sometimes only a woman can re-create by making herself part of his life."

" What sort of woman ? "

" Any woman to start with," she replied. " So often a mother 's too old. My letters haven't touched his heart : they never may. But my beliefs remain firm, Richard. I still believe crucified youth will discover true womanhood in its resurrection."

He remained silent. " I 've long learnt, Elizabeth," he said at last, " to respect your wildest and most impossible words."

The distant note of a gong filtered into the room. Colonel Barton grasped his stick firmly and offered his arm. " Dinner, my dear, retains its old charm, even with only one servant."

" Not only chivalrous and courteous," she murmured, her lips against his cheek, " but as gallant as ever . . ."

IT was not physical but mental pain that obsessed Jim. The loss of a leg at the hip was as nothing compared with the abyss of the future. For the first few weeks pilots from his squadron visited him, the hours spent in their company bitter-sweet, reviving the excitement and glamour of his former life. He was told, and discussed the squadron's latest exploits, the stories and tales, the rumours and comments—all the kaleidoscopic glitter of events. Then, when they left, the solitude of his room merged into lightless depths, from which there seemed no escape.

He began, at increasingly frequent intervals, to ponder and analyse, search and brood, raising dark, introspective forests in the hinterland of his mind. Had his leg been smashed below, or slightly above, the knee, he could have flown again—emulated others whose achievements rang triumphantly. And his hidden resentment, matured by immobility, gradually turned to a maelstrom of self-pity.

" I don't care, Sister. Why do you always talk like a saint ? I know I said you looked like one when I was coming out of the anæsthetic. You 're so calm and cool and self-possessed. You can't understand my feelings."

" That 's not the way to live up to your name, Jim."

" Would you feel the sun's warmth in the depths of winter ? "

" I should always believe it was there—even if veiled."

" Veiled ! Like your coif, I suppose ! " he threw back bitterly. " Oh, I 'm sorry. You all want to help. But you go about it in the wrong way. No one can understand until they have been through it."

" You mean you 're trying to discover a new self ? "

" Discover ? Good God ! That 's an age ago. Discover ! I 'm not an explorer. I 've got to face it."

" And conquer it, Jim."

He raised himself on the pillows. His laugh rang like a jest of fate. " Conquer it ! Could you conquer the loss of all

Jim gripped her hands.
"Tell me about yourself"

that 's worth while ? No more flying, rowing, running ; no more Rugger, hunting, beagling or tennis. No more freedom of movement or action. Tied to crutches, to a wooden leg strapped round your middle. A slave to slow-motion—that 's the glorious vista of my life."

He broke off, then went on bitterly. " Tolerated and not accepted, pitied and not understood, draped outwardly in a saviour's mantle, but inwardly derided. The old shibboleths, the old slogans—the world uncaring."

He paused again, his mouth twisted, revealing his tortured mind. " What can you do about it, Sister Venessa ? Would you like to marry my type ? Are you going to say love knows no imperfections ? "

" You 're cruel and senseless, Jim. If I ever fall in love, I shall marry. But I 'm in love with my work, which aims to make you see there 's still so much worth while."

He lay back. " You talk like the padre. God's will. As if God wished us to suffer ! Mankind 's created its own purgatory, and God can only look on, while youth 's fed to the Moloch of war. Oh, I know it all ! Tribulation bringing experience, and experience hope. Redemption by suffering. The cleansing of young souls. The wages of sin—as if I 've sinned more than anyone else ! "

" You misunderstand him," she said. " He means well. Few are granted mastery of their calling. We should be lost without them."

" Words," he said slowly, " words that never penetrate the secret depths of the heart. Nor does compassion or kindness or gentleness or skill. No, Sister, it wants imagination and understanding and intuition, like self-knowledge the most elusive thing in the world."

" Jim, will you always lack self-knowledge ? "

" Perhaps I lack," he said, " the ability to face self-knowledge. That 's worse. Moral cowardice, I suppose. We 've all a hidden weakness. Haven't you ? "

" You 're being cruel and bitter again," she reproved. " I thought I liked you ; I believe I shall end by despising you."

" Do, Sister. I hoped you were going to say you 'd end by loving me. What a pity ! I 'm not shooting a line. You see, I still cherish a residue of self-respect."

She flashed back, as though exasperated beyond measure : " Yes ; the self-respect of the gutter ! " (*Contd. on p.* 51)

the Soldiers Vote

And the Land Fit for Heroes?

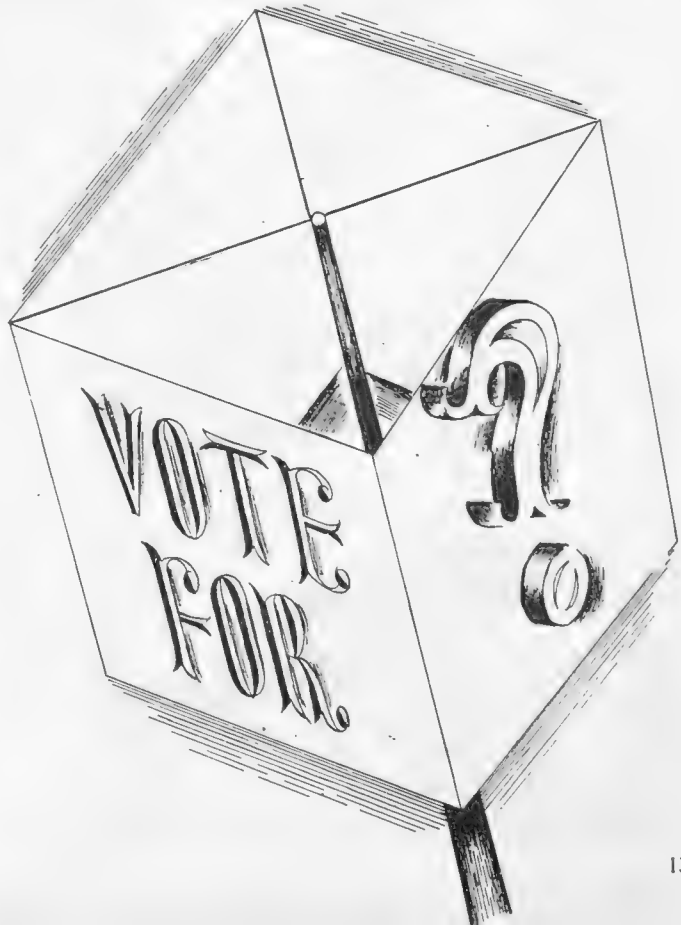
By Negley Farson

WILL there be a Soldiers' Vote in Britain after this war? I doubt it. If there was any Soldiers' Vote in the khaki elections which followed the last war, you will still have a hard job trying to convince any realistic political observer what it was. There will have been a Soldiers' Vote in the 1944 U.S. presidential elections, probably about the time this article gets into print. And this vote will be despite the notorious struggles of the Republican leaders and diehard Democrats to prevent it. The chances are, as the reactionaries in the United States seem to fear it so much, the overwhelming percentage of this electoral verdict will have been cast in favour of Roosevelt. It is commonly pointed out that the average age of the U.S. Congressman is twenty-one years older than the average voter's—and that would imply that the diehards in America are afraid of a youth vote. But the consensus of opinion among the most thoughtful politically minded American soldiers on this side of the water seems to be there *will* be a U.S. Soldiers' Vote—just so long as the men and women in uniform are overseas, and have the unity and common consciousness that is an integral part of their active service life—and *when they seem to have aims in common*, but that all such unity will begin to evaporate even as the men and women embark for home aboard the transports. "By the time they reach New York or San Francisco," as one major put it to me, "they will have been already split up into either Democrats or Republicans. And they'll be rabid about it."

In this connection it is well never to forget that the American Legion, the organization of United States soldiers and sailors who had been in uniform in World War No. 1, quickly became one of the most reactionary bodies in the United States. During the great Red scare that swept across America in 1919 you could send these former "buddies" marching against the strikers in any industrial plant—just as easily as you could strike a match—simply by asserting (whether it was true or not, and it almost always wasn't) that "that agitation is being led by *Communists*!" The Senatorial Nye Committee, investigating bribery and force used by the U.S. "merchants of death," the gun, munition and armament makers, actually produced correspondence between the big gunmakers and the American Legion "lobby" at Washington—which lobby, said the gunmakers, was one of the most influential in the United States. It has been claimed that in many parts of the U.S.A. the activities of the American Legion were just as opposed to real liberty as those of the Ku Klux Klan. And, while there seems no likelihood that such a state of befuddlement will ever occur again, I just point out this last performance—to show you what *really* became of the Soldiers' Vote, in the U.S.A., after the last war. Also, I challenge any clear-thinking Englishman to show me where there was an effective Soldiers' Vote—for any genuine social advance in this "land fit for heroes to live in"—in Great Britain between 1918 and to-day.

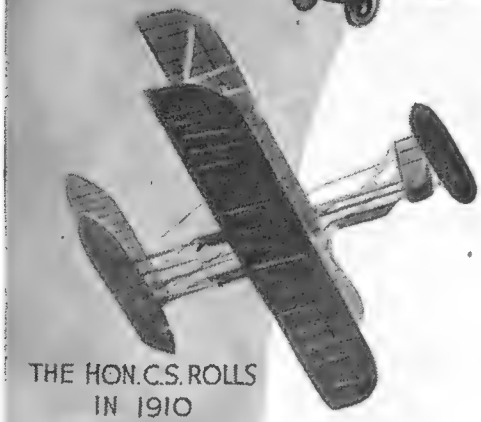
Now, when you pin the discussion, or your thoughts, down to realities like that, you will see how foolish it is to go on the easy assumption that there will be a great influence, in Britain, coming from the returning soldiers' vote after this war. You are talking, and counting upon, something which doesn't really exist yet. That Forces' Forum in Cairo, which the military authorities managed to quash, did present a measure of unity at its theoretical talks—and in Egypt. But there are many disheartening reasons to believe that there will be no such unity by the time those same soldiers reach Lancashire, Wales, the Midlands—or Bath.

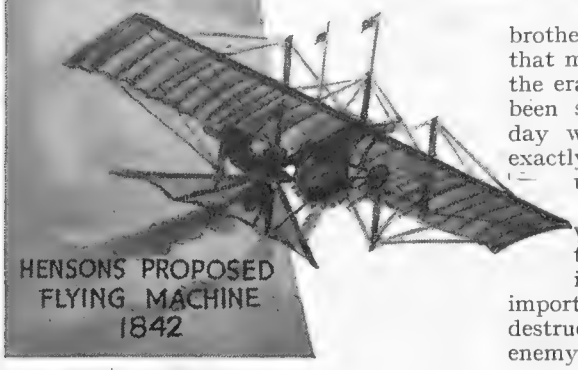
And so what? you ask. Well, the British authorities have not (yet) made themselves so ridiculous as the U.S.A.'s; the U.S. authorities tried to ban the reading of British newspapers by the U.S. Forces. They did succeed in prohibiting, for a time, the circulation among the Forces of several of the best-selling and thought-provoking American books, such as that one by Charles A. Beard, America's greatest living historian: *The Republic*. And they did even manage to withdraw, even after it had been printed, a U.S. Air Force pamphlet, very similar to your own best-selling *Combined Operations*—just (*Continued on page* 52)



Science Will Rid

Decorations
by
J. Nicolson





THE man in the corner seat was staring out of the window when the row of blitzed villas came into view.

"That's my house," he said listlessly. "Third from the left. *Was*, that is. . . , And they call it war. . . . I dunno what we're coming to. . . ."

The labourer opposite put down his paper and made sympathetic noises.

"I — don't — know — what — we're — coming—to," repeated the man in the corner.

The other cleared his throat.

"It's this 'ere science," he said, by way of helpful explanation, "that's what it is. If it wasn't for the scientists there wouldn't be no such things as bombs, let alone flying bombs. What I say is, science ought to be stopped. Somebody ought to shut them scientists *up*. Ar!"

There it is—a common enough view of things, and a dangerous one. For science is going to rid the world of war, and to put a stop to the use of scientific weapons would be to destroy our last hope of a world peace for centuries to come.

What science is doing is not to increase the evil of war, but to bring it home to the people who make wars—the people who formerly sent others out to fight their battles for them. It has virtually abolished the "funk-hole," the safe place at home. So completely were the traditional roles of soldier and civilian inverted during some phases of the present war, that it was said with some truth that the safest place in Europe was with the Army at the front.

It was the day the Wright brothers flew their first twenty-five yards that mankind entered upon a new era—the era in which the old god of war has been stood upon his head. Mark the day well—it was December 17, 1903, exactly forty-one years ago. On that day universal peace became a possibility.

During the last war aeroplanes were still hardly more than novelties; they scarcely affected the issue. To-day, they are the most important of all the weapons of mass-destruction that can be used against an enemy. They have made peace—and this is the grandest paradox—not only possible but inevitable.

During the present war the tonnage of bombs carried by a single aircraft has increased from one to four or five. Thousands of bombs weighing more than five tons—or four motor-cars—apiece have been rained on Nazi positions at the rate of one per minute, silencing the defence and destroying concrete shelters twelve feet thick or more.

On September 17 and 18 last, no fewer than half a million incendiary bombs of a type that cannot be put out were dropped on Bremerhaven at the rate of 21,000 bombs per minute, and 4,000 tons of high explosives were dropped on Boulogne. Mere samples, these—incidents from the newspapers that were able to report equally staggering raids almost daily for months on end.

The speed of aircraft has been doubled during the last ten years, and the jet-propulsion plane is said to achieve 600 m.p.h. An aeroplane travelling at 1,000 m.p.h. would never be overtaken by a shell fired at it, and would have discharged its mission and vanished before fighter pilots could be appraised of its whereabouts. Against such machines there is no known method of defence.

IT is true that bombing in itself does not win a war, but that is precisely the most significant and hopeful thing about it. Nations who go to war in the future will virtually annihilate each other before they have had a chance to gain an inch of territory. It took the Romans three years to destroy Carthage, but there is no city in the world to-day which could not be as completely obliterated overnight.

There will be new weapons which will accomplish this without the use of fighting personnel. The flying bomb, and probably the rocket, will rob war of any semblance of an honourable crusade, and of any chance of heroic or glorious action. Science has already completely debunked war.

It is the irony of fate that the scientific Germans, who have always gloried in war, should invent the flying bomb and the rocket, for the possibilities of development here are just sufficiently terrible to make the ending of human warfare imperative.

The Germans were perfecting the rocket-motor as long ago as 1930, and the flying bomb is just a rocket fitted with wings. Dr. Paul Heylandt's rocket-motor of 1930 was driven by liquid oxygen, alcohol and water, while rockets driven by liquid air and petrol or benzine were being experimented with openly at the Rakaten-flugplatz (rocket flying field) near Berlin in 1937. These rockets developed about six horse-power for every pound of their weight, and were thus about five times as powerful as the best aero-engine.

Germany's rocket-driven weapons were foretold in an article in BRITANNIA AND

The World Of War

The More Intolerable War Becomes, The Less Likely Will It Occur

By WALTER SHEPHERD

A ROCKET PLANE TO REACH THE STRATOSPHERE

GERMAN FLYING BOMB 1944

EVE as long ago as Christmas, 1939, where it was suggested that the breaking of a bottle of liquid air, instead of the customary champagne, at the launching of the Zeppelin LZ130 (in 1938) was a hint that should not be ignored. The successful German "Minimum Rocket," flown that year, was the last experiment to be performed except in the strictest secrecy at Peenemunde and on the Baltic islands of Usedom and Wollin.

The rocket is now in the same stage of development as aircraft were in 1914. Its perfection is only a matter of time. Even now it might be possible to construct a rocket which would rise to a height of thirty or forty miles, and then drop vertically on to a target hundreds of miles away without the vestige of a warning. For the last five miles of its fall it would be travelling at about 2,500 m.p.h., and it would arrive well ahead of the screaming sound which those who escaped would hear several seconds after the explosion. Guns, fighter aircraft, balloons—all these would be utterly useless against such a weapon. A mutual declaration of war by nations thus armed would be equivalent to a national suicide-pact.

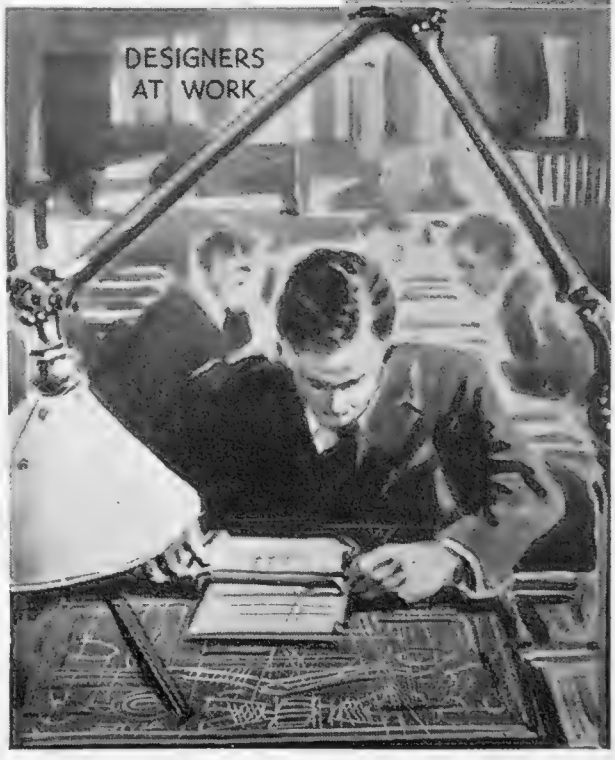
What sort of a charge would such weapons carry? In all probability from ten to twenty tons of high explosive, or some more deadly gas than any yet used in warfare. While they were in operation flying bombs would quite possibly be dropping disease-carrying vermin (if not the germs themselves) by parachute. What the future holds in the way of radio-active or "atomic" bombs it is too soon to prophesy, but the atom has already been split, and there is more latent energy in every ounce of *any kind of matter* than in many tons of T.N.T. Death-rays are at present off the list of probabilities, but remain among the possibles.

IF science does not end war by reducing mankind to a miserable horde of impotent cripples, it will end war by threatening to do so. *War must end*, says science, one way or the other. Take your choice. And fortunately the mere threat, backed by the promise of power to carry it out, is making war unthinkable even to the professional soldiers and armament manufacturers, to whom universal peace would mean the extinction of their means of livelihood.

A feeble voice of protest is heard from time to time appealing to the nations to "humanize" war. It is suggested that the bombing of civilians and the use of poison gas should be banned from future wars. But, as Bernard Shaw has pointed out, even if this were practicable it would merely preserve the institution of war by keeping it within the bounds of tolerability. Science is—happily—making war quite intolerable.

Wars usually start as private quarrels between two nations, and hitherto the neighbouring countries have looked on as interested spectators, inwardly congratulating themselves that the belligerents will come out of the struggle a good deal weaker than when they started. But science is putting an end to all that, too. It has already gone a long way to compelling the world at large to refuse to tolerate war in any part of the globe.

Science is accomplishing this by invention and discovery in industrial fields, and by multiplying and speeding-up transport. Countries are becoming more and more interdependent, and elaborate articles made from the products of a dozen nations are being raised from the status of luxuries to that of necessities. At the same time the intricacy of technical devices is leading to specialization, so that we already find that we rely on one country for the best ball-bearings, on another for the best plastic mouldings, and so on. Science is making isolationism a losing game, and the old type of nationalism a highroad to poverty.



DESIGNERS AT WORK

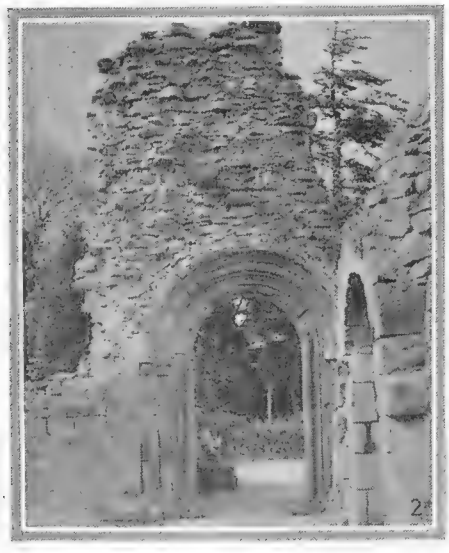
Industrial internationalism, and the international control of transport, are coming as surely as the international postal service came half a century ago. It will not be long before international affairs become of greater importance to the well-being of every citizen than national ones, and the disruption which would result from a war will (*Continued on page* 54)

The Wide Open Spaces

Britain's National Parks in the Post-War Reconstruction

By *Arthur Gaunt*

FOR geographical reasons we in Great Britain are denied the opportunity to establish national parks on the mammoth scale achieved in America and some of the Dominions, but a number of proposals to provide such retreats in the United Kingdom have been put forward during recent years. As far back as 1931, indeed, the Government issued a comprehensive report on the matter, and though the projects favoured at that time were soon shelved as a result of the ensuing financial crisis, they have not been allowed completely to succumb.



Several bodies charged with the promotion of national parks schemes in Great Britain are very much alive, and their ideas have been publicized in quarters concerned with post-war planning and reconstruction. It is urged that the next few years will give fresh and unprecedented opportunities to bring the schemes to fruition, and that if those opportunities go unheeded they may never recur.

England and Wales have a Standing Committee on National Parks, organized in connection with the Councils for the Preservation of England and Wales, and a collateral council for Scotland was founded in 1942, with the support of no fewer than thirty-three societies concerned with outdoor pursuits and the preservation of rural amenities.

But what is a national park, as visualized by the promoters of such schemes for Great Britain? In U.S.A. and Canada, such parks consist of large tracts of the countryside left in the natural state, the developments being limited chiefly to the provision of facilities for sightseers and holidaymakers—hostels, camps, hotels, and motor roads. In South Africa, a national park is really a nature reserve where wild creatures are protected, but to which the public are given access.

In Great Britain, the opportunities to set aside such unproductive areas are small. Our national playgrounds must continue to support farming as far as possible, and the traditional rural life cannot be thrust aside. Our national parks must therefore take a form different from the conception of such retreats in other parts of the world.

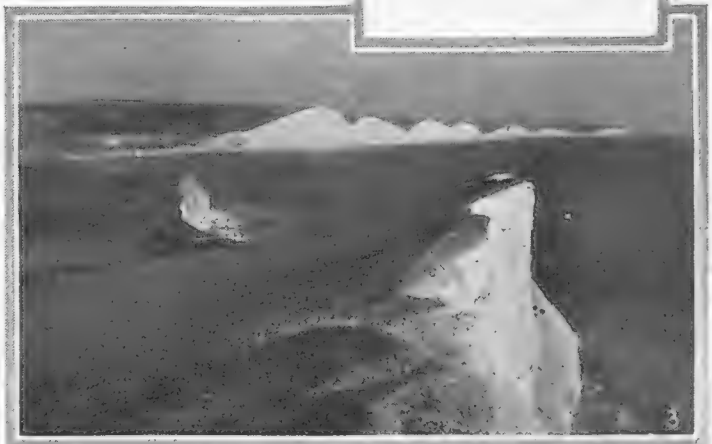
The general aim of our national parks movement, as outlined by the various interested bodies, is to have selected areas of unspoiled countryside preserved against developments that would ruin their use as retreats. The present rural activities (*Continued on page 54*)

1. *A general view of Borrowdale, a charming valley in the Lake District. The natural beauty of this locality places it at the head of the list of suggested national parks for Britain*

2. *A corner of Jervaulx Abbey, Uredale, which is near one of the suggested national parks*

3. *The famous Seven Sisters, Sussex. Stretches of coastline, such as this, are included in the plans*

4. *Gargrave, an attractive village near both the Forest of Bowland and the proposed national park in the Yorkshire Dales*



Off The Map

The Story of a Solemn Promise Which Was Broken

By Rose Marie Hodgson

A CANOPY of coco-nut matting shielded him from the rays of the sun without preventing him from reviewing the countryside

FIRST Lieutenant Edward Pemberton-Lennox, R.N.V.R., savoured the peculiarity of his circumstances as he was borne shoulder high in the native sedan chair swung by bamboo poles from the shoulders of four magnificent young men.

A canopy of coco-nut matting shielded him from the fierce rays of the sun without preventing him from reviewing the countryside. He found it superb.

His bearers turned inland, and Pemberton-Lennox shot a parting glance at the white sands running down to the coral reef where the spray fumed and broke in lacy trails as the ocean spent its booming fury. Beyond the coral, through a dancing, shimmering heat haze, stretched the infinite blue of sea eventually merging into sky.

"Wizard!" murmured Pemberton-Lennox. "Absolutely wizard!"

In the sheltered lowlands they passed paddy fields where the tender green shoots were flooded by an ingenious system of irrigation which spread fanwise from the foot of a mountain torrent—a dark tunnel, shafted every now and then, by beams of sunshine which glanced from the shining feathers of parakeets and sun birds to the luscious petals of hibiscus, bougainvillea and cattleyas.

Once they stopped in a clearing, and a posse of gay and gymnastic monkeys paused in their chatter to watch Pemberton-Lennox take refreshment. The brown young men offered him coco-nut milk, dates, bananas, and little sticky cakes with a delicious flavour of wine and honey. The bananas impressed Pemberton-Lennox most.

Not seen one of those since the war began, he thought. What a story! Oh, what a story, if only I get home to tell it!

He felt his luck was in. He could not bring himself to believe that the end of this romantic journey would be surrender into the hands of some chieftain who owed allegiance to Japan. For the magnificent brown young men were undoubtedly carrying him to their chief, of that Pemberton-Lennox felt sure.

An hour before sundown they reached the end of their journey, a village of round bamboo huts built in a circle to enclose the most entrancing and unexpected sight which had yet amazed his startled vision.

It was, he judged, a small temple. Its skeleton was composed of slender palm trunks, carved and coloured, and it was lavishly decorated with great branches of coral, ranging in hue from palest pink to blood red. In front of it there was a garden laid out in orderly patterns, weeded and watered and cared for like an English garden. It gave him a sudden stab of home-sickness.

Cross-legged outside their huts sat the brown villagers beating rhythmically on drums and garlanded with flowers. By the door of the temple stood an old, old man.

The bearers set down the chair and Pemberton-Lennox got out. He bowed nervously to the old man while the drums beat a more furious rhythm, and then stood wondering what to do. The old man went into the temple and beckoned him to follow.

Inside, on a high chair of state in the dim light, sat a motionless figure. For a second Pemberton-Lennox wondered whether it was what he called in his mind a "graven image." But the figure stretched out a hand. The old man prostrated himself, and Pemberton-Lennox decided to follow suit quickly. Suddenly the drums ceased, and when he looked up the old man had gone.

"Well, you may stand up, young man," said a woman's voice, and a ripple of laughter ran round the room. "Stand up, and come here!"

"Good God!" Pemberton-Lennox jerked to his feet and plunged forward to the steps of the dais.

"Exactly," said the woman. "Good God. That's just what I am in the island."

He was bewildered, amazed. He knew her voice. It couldn't be true! But there was no voice in the world like hers, low, cold and warm all at once, with the coldness of pride and the warmth of understanding.

"Miranda Maloney!" he whispered. "But you're dead! You've been dead for seven years!" He clenched his fists. "So that's it!" His voice turned to a pathetic squeak. "I'm dead too, and I didn't know." He ran his fingers through his black, untidy hair. "Tell me, can't you? Don't just sit there smiling!"

"No," she said. "As you were, young man. Relax! You're alive all right—at present. So am I."

"But I went to your memorial service at St. Martin's," he protested. "So did every one. Powell was there, and Gillian Raythwait, and KayFrompton,and Peg Beechcroft, and Bill Good, and—and every one, I mean. And how they all cried! It was wizard. Oh, I beg your pardon!"

Miranda laughed.

"Well, I'm sure it was very nice of you all to turn out like that," she said. "I wondered if you would. Sit down and be comfortable. Stretch out those long legs of yours. That's better. Now tell me your name and how on earth you got here."

"Edward Pemberton-Lennox," said the young man obediently. "You wouldn't remember, but you came to tea with me on my twenty-first birthday. You were wonderful. Absolutely wizard, honestly. You were being Titania in the O.U.D.S. summer play, remember? It was in our gardens at Magdalen and you came to tea with me. I've never forgotten."

"Well, well!" said Miranda. "How strange! How very strange! And what are you doing now, out here in the Pacific?"

"I was with the B.B.C., producing. Just beginning to make a name in a small way, you know. Then the war began, and I joined up, naturally. So now I'm a shipwrecked mariner. Been drifting on a raft for days on end. These chaps on the island here were very decent. They rested me and fed me and washed the old uniform before they brought me along. Sorry I've not been able to have a shave! I had that photo you gave me in my cabin when we went down. Afraid I lost it. You'll give me another when we get home, won't you?"

"So there *is* a war!" Miranda shook her head despairingly.

"You mean to say you didn't know?" Pemberton-Lennox shrilled. "Yes, I'll say there's a war on. A world war. practically every one's in it." He sounded proud of his news. "But tell me what happened, you know, when you disappeared."

"It's quite a simple story," Miranda said. "You remember the excuse I gave to get away—the old excuse of getting

Illustrations by
Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

INSIDE on a high chair of state in the dim light sat a motionless figure. The old man prostrated himself, and Pemberton-Lennox decided to follow suit quickly

new ideas for the theatre and new settings from the East. It was in all the papers. They tried to persuade me to take a pilot—but I wouldn't. The whole excitement of it was going alone and I felt pretty sure of myself in the air. Well, I saw India and Burma and China and I wanted to explore the South Seas. It was a simple little disaster that ended that flight—a petrol leakage. When I thought all was over I spotted the island and made a safe landing on lovely firm white sand. This island isn't on the map, you know. My plane is now a kind of totem in a bamboo hangar! I'd resigned myself to my fate when I saw this place. I'd scrutinized every chart and map I had. It just wasn't there."

"Not on the map? It must be. Why, all the islands are charted, even the reefs and the ones that disappear every so often and then bob up again."

"I tell you, young man——"

"Do call me Edward, please!"

"Well then, I tell you, Edward, that this island is definitely off the map!"

"Oh!" There was a long pause. "I suppose that explains why they never found you. We didn't give up hope for a year, you know. Powell said you'd disappeared on purpose, that you'd turn up when you'd tried out the lamas in Tibet. Oh, I say! Sorry!"

Miranda chuckled.

"Go on!" she said. "I'm enjoying it hugely."

"Every time any one puts on a tragedy Jimmie Onyx writes all his column about you. The last great tragedienne. He's done your life, you know. Ran to eight editions in three months. Turned you into a sort of mystic. Talked a lot of rot. Said all your adventures and all the exciting things you used to do were part of a great struggle to find peace or truth or some such fool idea. I'm afraid I can't express it properly because I hardly understood a word of it. Started off with a lot of hooey about your Celtic upbringing in a bog full of Irish fairies. Said your motor racing and rock climbing and flying and things were deliberate bids for death, not just jolly fine publicity stunts."

She nodded.

"Jimmie always understood me better than the others," she said.

"Oh, I say, Miss Maloney, Miranda, you don't mean he was right! I mean you didn't want to bump yourself off?"

"No. But I *was* searching for something. I've found it here."

"I did a programme about you, too!" Pemberton-Lennox scraped the earth in front of him with his toe. He wanted to sound suitably modest, but that programme was the best thing he had ever done. The critics all spoke highly of it. His name had been made overnight.

"I say, and when I get you home, what a programme we'll put on then," he beamed. "Why, it'll be the most stunning thing the B.B.C.'s ever done! All this background and atmosphere. And I've seen it! I've seen it! 'Off the Map!' that's what we'll call it. Jolly good title, don't you think? We'll film it, too, after the war. Glorious Technicolor!"

"I'm sorry," said Miranda. "It's impossible. The island really is off the map, you see."

"Never you worry about that, my poor darling!" Pemberton-Lennox swelled out his chest till he looked like a pouter pigeon. "You leave it to me! Trust the Navy! I'll find a way. I'll build a boat. It may take a bit of time, but I'll fix it. Never you worry your pretty little head."

"You don't understand," said Miranda. "This is my island. These are my people. They worship me. Literally. It began because I came down from the sky. Then I suppose being white and having fair hair had something to do with it."

"Golden hair!" raptured Pemberton-Lennox. "Wonderful long golden hair, and blue eyes, like—like cornflowers, and a long swanlike neck, with a little head balanced on it like a lily!" He was pleased and rather surprised by his flight of poesy.

"I'm forty-six now." Miranda sounded stubborn. "And I shall never leave the island." She raised her hand to silence him. "I don't want to, you see. I'm happy. Happier than I've ever been in my whole life. I've found what I was looking for. I'm useful here, too. I've taught them how to water their fields and grow things, and how to make colours and carve coral. How to store food against drought. How to let land lie fallow and to plant afresh for every tree they fell."

"I'll make you change your mind!" But Pemberton-Lennox no longer sounded so sure of himself. "It's criminal that you should waste yourself on a parcel of natives. I'll kidnap you if it comes to it!" He laughed nervously.

"There's another very definite obstacle to your scheme," said Miranda.

He cocked his head on one side questioningly.

"They plan to eat you at full moon!"

"What!" squeaked Pemberton-Lennox incredulously. "Cannibals! I don't believe it! You're teasing me."

"I assure you I'm (*Continued on page* 61)

The Burning Question

To Fraternize or Not To Fraternize?

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Relations were good and friendly, the billetee frequently making himself useful—and welcome—about the house

ALREADY, before the occupation of Germany has become a fact, people are getting worked up on the subject of fraternization. Fears are heard lest the sly Teuton may get round Britons and Americans by insinuating that "we're all victims of the same system, so why not let's be friends while you're here"; and that this may loosen and eventually undermine the purpose of the occupation.

Now, I freely admit that it would be wrong to go by what happened last time. There is a much more bitter feeling to-day against the Germans as something unclean. Again, this generation of fighters takes a keener interest in the whole background to the war. A combination of the two should provoke a less easy-going attitude to the Germans and this will be more than encouraged by the strictest edicts against fraternization.

But let us face the central fact which is that we are up against human nature and that it is almost entirely a problem revolving round woman. Few of ours in Germany will ever yearn to connect with Jerry the man. But with Jerry's sister it can be quite a different matter when you're living in her country bereft, to all intents and purposes, of your own womankind. In war, and after, a girl is a girl for a' that.

A sidelight on this was apparent on the Rhine in the early 'twenties when a smattering of wives arrived from England to live "on the strength." I noted at the time from the records: "The British women keep up the hatreds of the war more. Although they had not known the battlefield, they are the repositories of a crude patriotism usually finding outlet in such remarks as 'These people have not suffered at all'; 'It's all just policy on their part, they hate us in their hearts...'" I myself once heard a lady "on the strength" declare aloud in a Cologne tramcar: "They're full of oats! Let 'em 'ave it proper!"

But Tommy would not agree, nor his Buddy down at Coblenz either. For them both, "To frat. or not to frat.?" was long the question of questions. They might become local millionaires overnight on the crashing of the mark; the war might boil up again, as in the Ruhr; everything possible might be placed at their disposal to distract their attention, in the way of sport, entertainment, education and learning jobs. "To frat. or not to frat.?" survived supreme as topic of conversation.

Lots of our men were billeted on German families and there was the natural tendency to pal up with the kids, inevitable bridge to palling with their mothers and sisters, a large number of whom had mislaid their own men either temporarily or permanently.

Women tend to get cheap under an occupation. They will sink their feelings in order to come by permits or to dodge restrictions, even to secure articles in famine supply, usually connected with food and self-adornment. And *there* is the conqueror who can wangle it all if he will!

Illustrations by Edgar Spenceley

"To frat. or not to frat.?" survived supreme as topic of conversation

But over and above such things the Cologne women definitely liked our fellows. They found that they treated them better than did their own men, and they were impressed by the manners and bearing of the "common English soldier." Especially in the country districts were relations good and friendly, the billetee frequently making himself useful — and welcome — about the house, though whether this will be so again, after the saturation bombing of German towns, is open to question.

At the very beginning an occupying army is told that "intercourse with the inhabitants will be confined to what is essential (*Continued on page 56*)

He'd carry a pair of French shoes and stockings around with him all ready for eventualities

Old Tales Re-told

Olaf the Great—

His Adventures and Vicissitudes (Part II)

Written and Illustrated by **F. Matania, R.I.**

OLAF and his surviving men were on their way to Denmark, with the breeze of the Baltic swelling the square sail of their swift little cutter. In Olaf's mind new dreams were taking shape, plans for big projects which included retrieving the throne of Norway, snatched from him by a cruel fate when he was an infant. At Isafiord he was lucky enough to find four big ships and sufficient hands to man them. He was also able to get hold of a rare treasure—a reliable map of England. As the maritime compass was still a monopoly of the Venetians, he provided himself with several cages of ravens, so that when no land was in sight he could release the birds and, by following the direction of their flight, regain the proximity of the nearest coastline. Weapons and provisions were loaded on board, and when all was ready the four ships sailed southwards, keeping close to the coast, ready to make forays on small villages where pillage was easy and bloodless. No crew of Vikings would have signed on without the promise of loot, and in any case the plundering of cattle was a necessity.

Having exploited the coasts of Holland and Flanders and loaded their ships with valuables of all kinds, they intended to represent themselves in England as honest traders. Fate, however, had decided otherwise. When they reached Soles Point and turned into the Blackwater River they found themselves confronted by a large body of hostile Saxons who

Queen Astrid, Olaf's mother, had been offered for sale in the slave market of Courland and had attracted the notice of a famous man, known as Lodin the Rich. She implored him to buy her and Lodin agreed, on condition that she would marry him as soon as they reached Norway.

were under no illusions about the real nature of Vikings. A battle ensued, in which Olaf's men were victorious and pursued the Saxons as far as Maldon, which they left pillaged and burning. Then they sailed away, minus a few men—whose loss was not regretted by the greedy crew when sharing out their loot, but was felt keenly by their leader.

On the Isle of Sheppey Olaf succeeded in establishing cordial relations with the inhabitants, while at the same time annexing all passing ships.

This profitable scheme came to an end when King Edward, pressed by the long-suffering London traders, formed an expedition to exterminate the pirates. But Olaf got wind of it just in time, and when the avenging army landed on the island they found their bird had flown.

With a greatly enlarged fleet Olaf now sailed north, anchoring at many different places, sometimes buying and selling, sometimes plundering, but always increasing his treasure.

In Scotland he had a narrow escape. He and his men had descended on a monastery and had found that the good monks kept a stock of fine ale. The casks were too big and heavy to be taken away, so the Vikings drank all they could hold on the spot, with the result that they became helplessly drunk and, being discovered by their enemies, narrowly escaped being cut to pieces.

They found that the monasteries and convents were generally well stocked with gold, and they never missed an opportunity of looting them. Olaf needed a great deal of wealth in order to realise his dream, and he knew no other way to obtain it. He continued his exploits all over the Isle of Man and Cornwall, leaving behind him the desolation that follows in the train of a swarm of locusts. Then he went to Brittany, where he had heard that monasteries and convents were more numerous. On his way back from there an extraordinary incident took place which put an end to his depredations.

An old hermit on one of the Scilly Isles, using the same weapon of eloquence with which St. Paul had converted King Agrippa and Queen Berenice 900 years earlier, persuaded Olaf to renounce the worship of Odin and become a Christian. The conversion was so sweeping that Olaf not only consented to be baptised but compelled all his men to do likewise. The hermit prophesied a brilliant future for him and also gave him advice on how to attain it, emphasising the fact that he would be able to atone for his past misdeeds by spreading the religion of the Cross.

The problem of reconciling their calling with the Christian principles must have been a difficult one for the Vikings. But at any rate, they substituted the Cross for the sacred raven of Odin on their banners, and under the new ægis they proceeded to sail north.

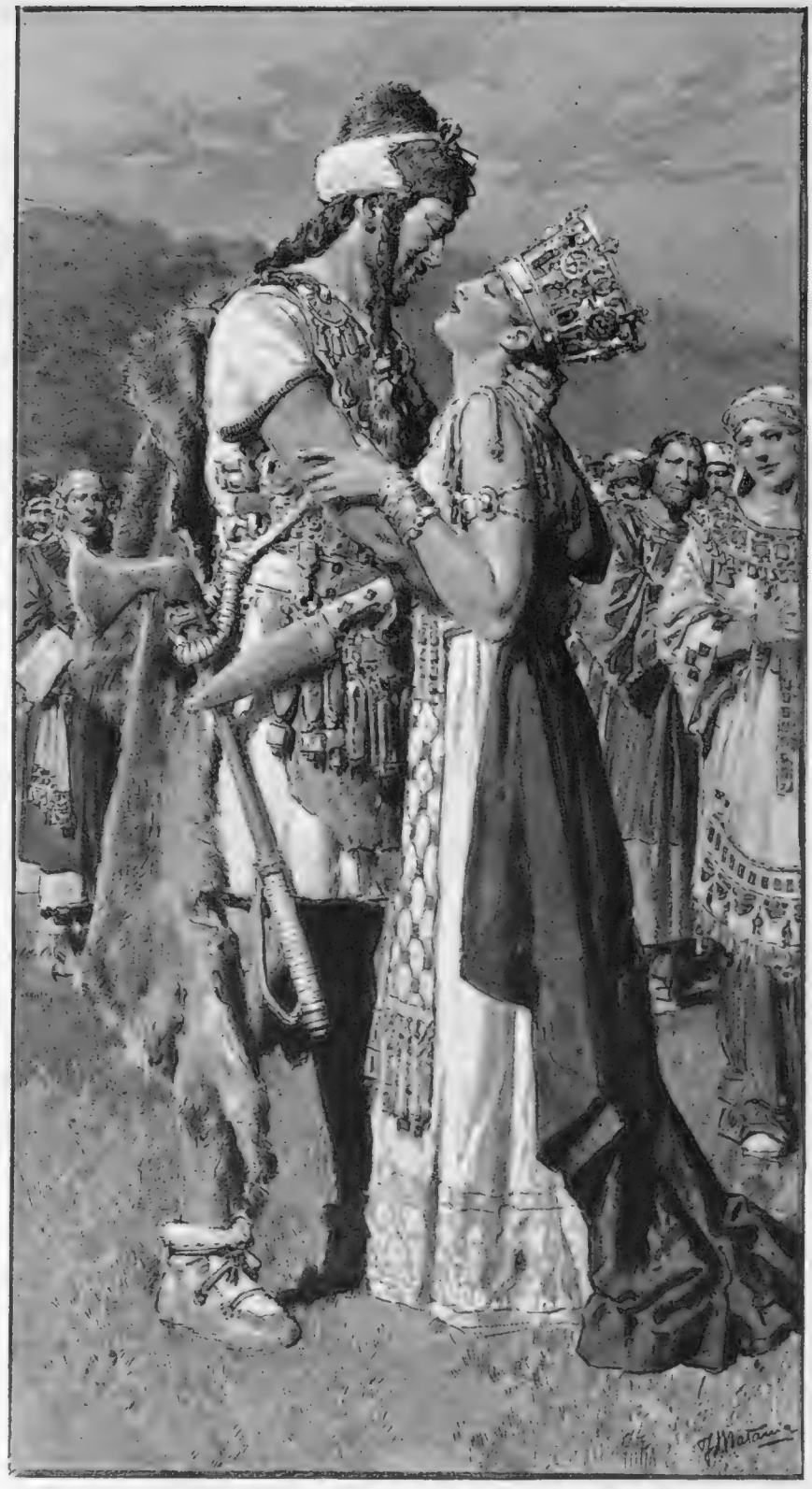
They cast anchor at Thingwall, capital of Wirral, to-day a suburb of Liverpool. There Olaf found a situation which intrigued him deeply.

A little while earlier Earl Harold, ruler of the region from Cumberland to Flintshire, had died. Lady Gayda, his young widow, was beset by two problems. One was the refusal of the wild Norse colonists to be governed by a woman; the other was the persistence of her brother-in-law, Alfin Sigtricson, who wished to marry her. He was a violent man, a great fighter and a favourite of the fighting men. His aim was to gain power by this marriage, but he filled Lady Gayda with such repulsion that he had been unable to bend her to his will.

At last it was decided that all her numerous suitors should gather together and Lady Gayda must accept the one who obtained the greatest number of votes.

While Olaf was strolling among the throng of people he met a certain Eric Scaldspiller, who claimed to have known his father. This man then revealed to him what Olaf had never succeeded in finding out—namely, what had been the fate of his mother.

Queen Astrid had been offered for sale in the slave market of Courland and had attracted the notice of a famous man, known as Lodin the Rich. When the dealer uncovered her body to show the beauty of his merchandise, she implored Lodin to buy her. Lodin eagerly agreed, on condition that she would marry him as soon as they reached Norway. The marriage had turned out a very happy one, and she now lived in luxury and had three beautiful children. The news filled Olaf with joy and convinced him that this valley of Wirral was for him a lucky place.



Olaf took Lady Gayda's outstretched hand to endorse the betrothal and pulled her into his strong arms

It was a fine midsummer day and the scene was a riot of colour, with everyone dressed in their best gowns and finery. The warlike attire of Olaf and his men, in their glittering metal and leather, constituted a striking contrast. From where he stood Olaf could see the Lady Gayda making an inspection of her suitors, who were each surrounded by a group of supporters. As she drew nearer her attention was caught by Olaf, and she asked him who he was. He answered without reserve, telling her as briefly as possible his whole history. When he had finished she made a suggestion which startled him considerably. She asked him to stay there, marry her and defend her from that group of greedy competitors, whom she loathed and despised. Olaf was not a man to beat about the bush. Quickly recovering from his surprise, he said: " This is my lucky day, and while it lasts I will refuse

nothing that is offered to me." As he spoke he took her outstretched hand to endorse the betrothal, and pulled her into his strong arms.

When the crowd realised that Lady Gayda had chosen her husband, a stranger and nothing more than a bloodthirsty pirate, there were shouts of protest and furious threats from the unsuccessful suitors. Alfin especially was maddened with rage, for he considered he had stronger rights than anyone to the position of which he had been cheated. The heralds blew their horns for silence, and in the ensuing pause Alfin challenged Olaf to a duel, and the other twelve suitors, sure that Olaf would be killed before their turn, barked their challenge too. Eagerness to hear the reply subdued the turmoil. But first, with more blasts of the horn, the heralds announced Lady Gayda's choice, which was greeted with loud cheers from the faction who were hostile to Alfin.

Then Olaf spoke, gladly accepting the challenge. He would acquaint his opponents, he said, with the conditions of

Many of the murderers fell under the desperate blows of Riki and his men, but always more replaced them and continually threw in fresh bundles of burning wood to feed the flames

Eyvind and some of his fellow-conspirators were tied to a rock at low tide and left to watch the level of the water creeping up and up until at last it reached their mouths and finally submerged them

Holingang (the public duel) after the feast. It was Lady Gayda's wish that all should forget their differences for a while and attend the banquet in friendly spirit.

At the end of the feast Olaf rose to speak again. He declared that though no one had a right to dispute Lady Gayda's decision, he would do battle for her as had been agreed. At noon the next day he would be ready with twelve of his men to fight against the dozen suitors, reserving Alfin Sigstricson for his personal antagonist.

The prospect of such an entertainment made everyone wild with enthusiasm. On the following day the valley was more crowded than before. Preparations had been going on since dawn, and long before the appointed time every spectator was in his seat. Lady Gayda alone was filled with desperate anxiety.

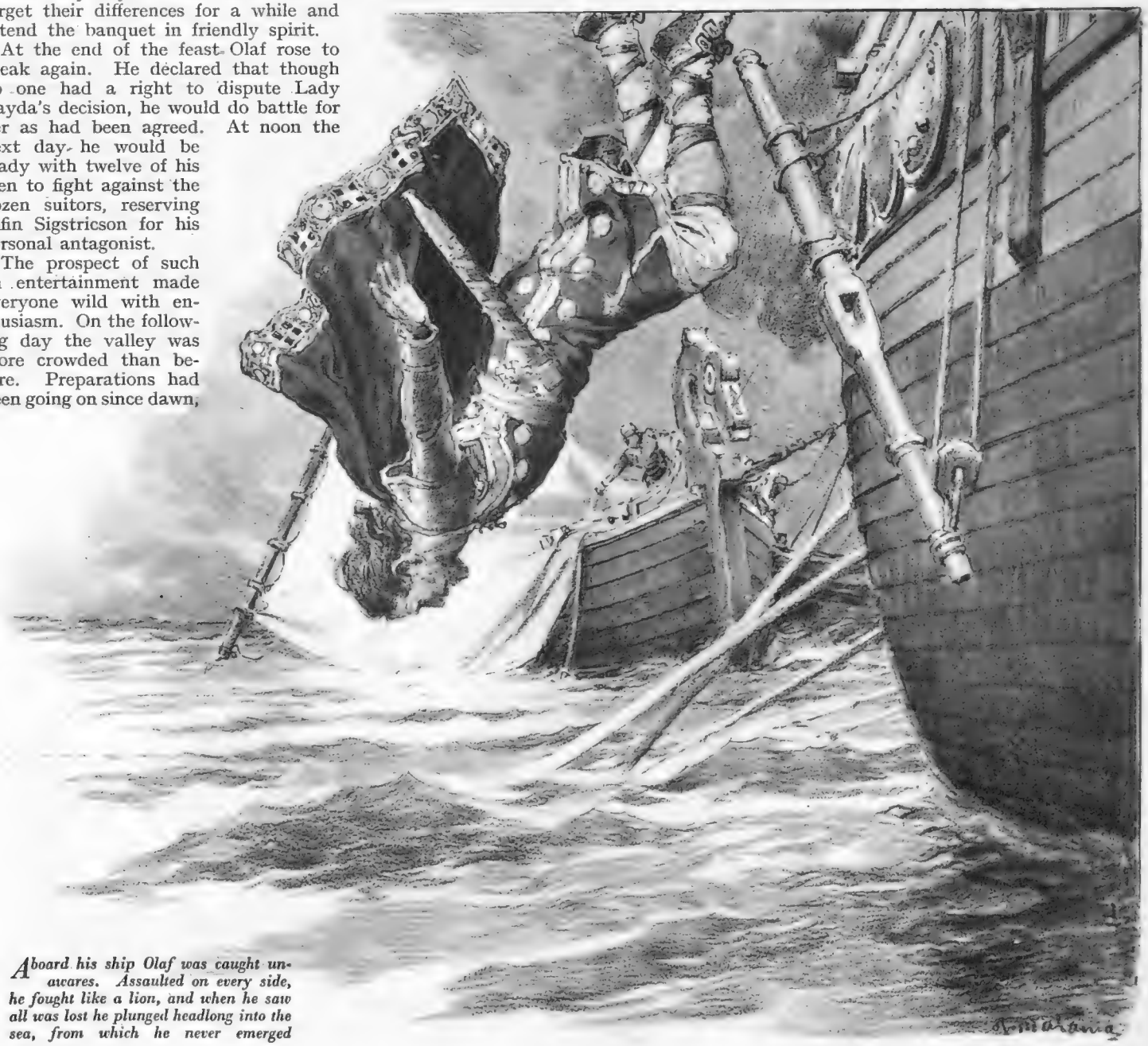
Thunderous cheers greeted the two parties as they strode into the arena. It was noticed that while Alfin's side was armed with swords and daggers, Olaf and his men carried only shields and axes. When the signal was given, a shower of daggers were hurled, but these were either neatly parried or else remained stuck in the Vikings' shields. Then, with fearful swiftness, thirteen axes fell almost simultaneously on the right shoulders of Alfin and his men. The Vikings were invincible in that trick, and each of them brought his man to the ground. The lives of the defeated were spared, but with severed shoulder muscles none of them would ever be fit to hold a sword again.

At the wish of Cuaran, King of Dublin and brother of Lady Gayda, the wedding took place at his Court amid great pomp and splendour.

SEVERAL years elapsed, some of the happiest in Olaf's life, during which he prepared for the great enterprise of regaining the throne of Norway. Military victories were won against King Ethelred, which resulted in his obtaining large sums of money and recruiting a numerous army. At last the time was ripe for the attempt to realise his lifelong dream. He equipped his huge force and gathered his fleet, the like of which had not been seen before in that land, and set sail from the Isle of Bressay. Gayda, Olaf's inseparable companion, went with him. After three days of smooth sailing they came face to face with the Norwegian fleet, engaged it in battle, and defeated it. The fiord was left filled with the débris of ships and dead bodies.

At Drontheim Olaf and Gayda were recognised as King and Queen of Norway. Then followed a rapturous reunion with Queen Astrid, who proved to be still beautiful, as Eric Scaldspiller had said. Remembering her lost three-year-old child, she could hardly take her eyes off this tall and splendid man who had fought his way back so heroically to the throne. She blessed and embraced the sweet-natured Gayda who had encouraged and helped him.

Olaf felt that to make Norway a truly happy country he must first Christianise it. Impetuous as always, he was ready to use violence if necessary to achieve his end. He succeeded in winning over a large (*Continued on page* 56)



Aboard his ship Olaf was caught unawares. Assaulted on every side, he fought like a lion, and when he saw all was lost he plunged headlong into the sea, from which he never emerged

Have Birds A Sixth Sense?

By G. H. Christian

NO one can for long observe the behaviour of birds without wondering whether they do not possess some mysterious senses unknown to us. Consideration of bird migration, for instance, leaves the mind clouded with a dozen different enigmas. In what strange manner do birds realize that the time has come to make the perilous journey over strange lands and seas to some fresh region? Exactly how do they succeed in making the long, difficult voyage?

A young Cuckoo. This bird, reared by foster-parents, will follow the older birds on the long flight to Africa, without any parental guidance, and in the spring will find its way back to the district of its birth
(*Photograph by E. J. Hosking*)

A flock of Starlings in flight. These birds, without any apparent reason, will suddenly make a simultaneous take-off, all bent on some special destination

A House Martin at its nest. It will return to the same nest year after year and will carry out small-scale repairs rendered necessary by the bad weather during its winter absence
(*Photograph by E. J. Hosking*)

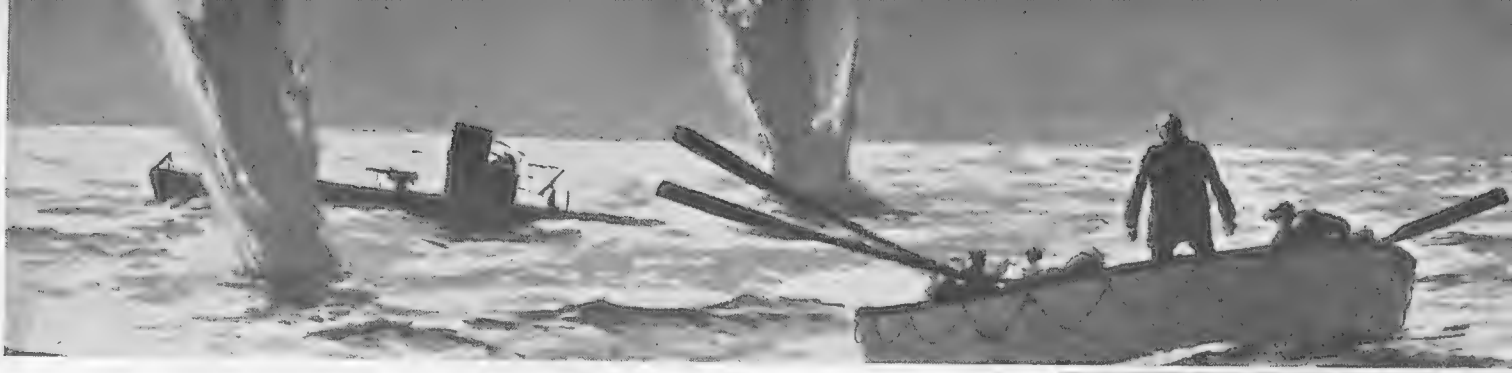
A Sand Martin with three hungry youngsters in the nest. These birds show amazing speed in scraping a hole about two feet deep in some sandbank, where they will nest for several seasons
(*Photograph by E. J. Hosking*)

Science still finds it difficult to answer these questions. We know that the young cuckoos, for example, leave their foster-parents and follow the older birds on the long flight to Africa. How they succeed without any parental guidance in making this tremendous trip when so little experienced in flight is beyond our comprehension. Nor do we know by what means they find their way back to the district of their birth the following April.

Perhaps one of the deepest mysteries is by what strange sense birds return to one nest each season. House martins, for example, will, year after year, go back to the same nest, perhaps relining it and carrying out any other small-scale repairs rendered necessary by bad weather. How they find their way to the exact spot, in what way they grasp it is their own nest, must arouse our wonder.

It is common knowledge that carrier pigeons become hopelessly lost in the dark. We know, too, that birds fail to distinguish some colours—blue is a case in point. It has been proved again and again that birds cannot count. The experiment has even been tried of substituting stones for eggs in a nest and the hen has continued to sit, apparently ignorant of the change. Yet birds so lacking in many qualities possessed by humans and animals, and often so stupid in their choice of nesting sites, are able to display phenomenal skill in the performance of certain natural feats.

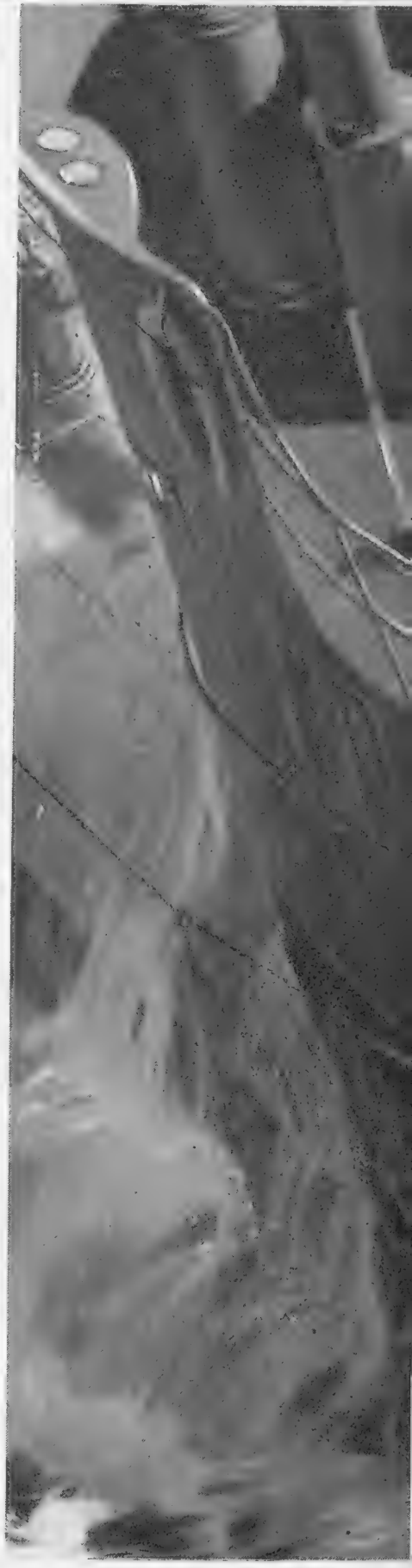
The manner in which birds build their nests is a source of astonishment to any observer. Sand martins will show amazing speed in scraping a hole about two feet deep in some sandbank where they will nest for several seasons. House martins will equally arouse our surprise by their strictly trade union hours of work. By noon they consider (*Continued on page* 54)



Ah! The Tragic Folly

Of a Feud—that parted a Son from his Father—and survived even after Death

By Alan Hyder



"PUT out that light, you——"

The vituperative stream of nautical imprecations hissed over the canvas dodger into the impenetrable blackness.

In almost the same breath Captain Managh's paunchy figure clattered down from the bridge to reach the objective almost as quickly as that withering condemnation.

His fist lifted and swung, impacted with terrific force on to an unshaven chin that was illuminated dimly by the glow of a cigarette. The fatal cigarette just lit by a match flame startlingly bright in the night.

The smoker cannoned back on the hatch, bounced forward, fell full length. His head struck teak planking with a crash.

"The——" Captain Managh swore. "Who is it? Who in the name of God *is* the maniac?"

There was a shuffling of sea boots in the dark. Furtively someone moved away forward.

Again the captain leapt. His fingers clasped steel hard upon a deck hand whom he recognized. He called back to the bridge:

"Mister Crabbe! This man on the deck. Drag him below and put him in irons. He'll stay in them until we dock. If we ever do after his folly." To the man he held he said: "Miller, why didn't ye stop him?"

"You beat me to it, sir," Miller said. Unseen in the dark he grinned. By God! The old man still had some go in him!

"I did, eh? Is the man raving mad?"

"He's Irish, sir. With an itch to do anything he ain't supposed to do." Again the deck hand grinned under cover of the dark. By God! Wasn't the old man an Irisher himself!

Captain Managh stood listening to the silence that overlaid the gently throbbing engine pulse, peering into the inky murk. The S.S. *Pride of Penscatho* thrust her way along with sedate determination, intent only upon her destined course.

THERE were two distinct worlds out there on the curved waste of waters. Three-quarters of the night's vault was black under a lowering, unbroken cloud layer. Veiled under that brume a convoy steamed. Liberty ships, tramps, merchantmen, liners, tankers. East of them a cruiser centred a destroyer flotilla. About the echeloned convoy corvettes ranged. Spread over many sea miles the fleet moved slowly towards the eastern light; as though about to emerge from a vast tunnel.

For, in an arched, clear-cut line, the cloud layer ended abruptly to reveal a sky of purple velvet pitted with pinpricks of glittering light that were stars. Verging the cloud edge was a faint luminescence that tinted the purple to indigo and hinted at the moon's coming.

Ahead the unending seas moved and glinted darkly. Beneath the cloud layer was nothing but obscurity.

Soon the ships would pass from under the shroud of cloud to be revealed in the moon's radiance. For the moment they were securely hidden, secretive.

Until that criminal match had flared to catch the eye of a U-boat look-out, startle a warning from him, and to bring the soft padding of men jumping to action stations.

Captain Managh broke his unseeing gaze from the darkness and muttered: "I'll go below and see what I can make of the fool. What d'ye say his name is?"

Almost simultaneously with the answer the *Pride of Penscatho* shuddered as she was hit by a torpedo.

The world was lit with a reddish flash that threw into merciless prominence all that serried, slow-moving array of vessels. A burst of flame and thunderous noise. A great upheaval of tumultuous white water lifted and tilted the ship. Another explosion followed hotly as her war cargo was detonated.

Captain Managh was flung prone. His body was seared and wrenched. A series of minor fulminations flickered in his dazed brain, repercussions from that clangorous torpedo.

Her long honourable years of service coming swiftly to an end, the *Pride of Penscatho* began to settle by the stern.

She went down in ten minutes.

Ten minutes that sped past like ten fleeting seconds as her living crew fought to get the undamaged boats away. A Carley float slid down its inclined ramps. Someone threw the unconscious captain on to it. One boat got away. And eight men jumped from the canting deck and reached it. Two men, hurled into the sea, gained the Carley float. And after the *Pride of Penscatho* was gone and the disturbed waters resettled, they left the float and swam over to the half-empty boat.

Managh regained consciousness when they pulled him through the water.

As if the world-shattering explosion and the loss of one ship were not noticed, the convoy steamed on unheeding. Except two destroyers ahead to the east with the

cruiser. They curved out of position and their funnels belched them into speed.

Suddenly, like a drop curtain lifting to expose the final act of a tragedy, the black veiling clouds rolled back.

A man in the boat tensed to a crouch and yelled, a finger stabbing out, his voice shrill from the fear of the death that had just brushed him.

"There the swine is! There she is! Coming up!"

Eerily close, the oval conning tower of a U-boat was surfacing; her steel shell parting the water, water cascading down about her deck gun.

Captain Managh stood shakily. His blue eyes lit with excitement. His snowy hair tousled. It interfered with his sight. Irritably he swept it off his forehead.

Across that short distance of water Managh saw a man swimming. His elbows were bent as he crawl-stroked with frantic speed. The submarine had surfaced almost directly beneath him. He was clambering up on the steel hull. He went slipping and scrambling along to the conning tower. He reached and ascended the ladder giving access to the closed hatch.

Managh's mouth opened to shout a warning. Some instinct or fear kept him silent. Breathlessly he waited.

The U-boat's hatch was opening. Clamped on the ladder the man outside leant slowly backwards. One of his arms lifted and bent. Poised thus he crouched menacingly and strangely inhuman in his dreadful immobility.

The hatch opened.

And with its opening the man jerked into action. His raised bent arm pivoted down with lightning speed. Moonlight glinted from bright steel.

To the *Pride of Penscatho's* survivors it seemed that the pulse of Time stood still, the very water's surging ceased like a film scene held dead upon a cinema screen as the world was braked a moment in its hurtling orbit by the hand of destiny.

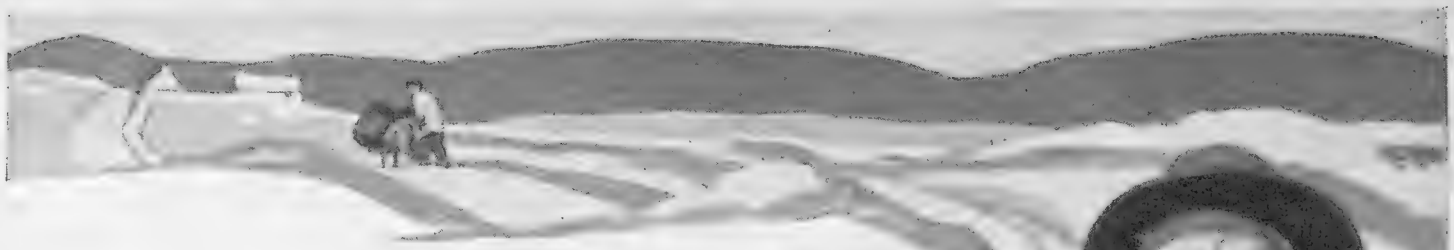
Their eye-straining trance was broken by the whip cracks of a destroyer's forward guns. Slim, palm-like spouts of silver water hedged the surfaced U-boat. The shriek of the shells' low trajectory cringed the onlookers in their boat.

The racing destroyer pulled up and veered. She planed a great curling shaving from the sea's surface. Her broadside roared. Foam flowered about the U-boat. Another destroyer reached the scene. More shells. They had bracketed her now. The long, lean, vicious hull was laned between thrown spray.

Then a hit!

For an infinitesimal fraction of time a dull scarlet glow grew behind the conning tower. It hung poised about the submarine

THE hatch opened. And with its opening the man jerked into action. His raised bent arm pivoted down with lightning speed. Moonlight glinted from bright steel



Illustrations by Edward Osmond

edging her with a sort of St. Elmo's fire, silhouetting the open hatch. And two black figures clamped together in an awful spider-like impassivity.

Another salvo. Alone unbowed by it Captain Managh stood erect, wide-eyed, aghast. The guns had found their target. Hit in her vitals the U-boat metamorphosed into a vast detonating Roman candle; a tremendous fountain of crimson fire pillaring up under mushrooming ebony smoke. A sparkle of shimmering golden coruscations rose finally; dropped down again to sizzle in the omnivorous sea.

The riven world silenced.

Where the submarine had lain was just a depression in the water from which burning oil and smoke bubbled forth. It was circled by a knife-edged wave that sped outwards to overthrow the *Pride of Penscatho's* boat.

In the water again Captain Managh, weak from his head wound, struggled and choked until unconsciousness swirled over him.

He went into and was rescued from the borders of oblivion.

To wake hearing a gay young voice say :—

"Damned gallant old sea-dog, eh! Seventy if he's a day. And I'd bet a shore leave to a cheroot that you'll find thirty-five in his ticket. Ought to be anchored in his ingle with a pipe instead of playing around here at sea."

Captain Managh opened an eye at a youth with the red of the Medical Service between the two gold stripes on his sleeve.

"Ingle did ye say?" Managh asked. And in a tone that spoke more than the words.

"Sorry, sir," the surgeon lieutenant apologized. He flushed. "Thought you were still asleep."

"Asleep, by God! What about my crew? And what the hell am I in bed for?"

"One or two abrasions. And a nasty crack on the skull, sir. Soon be all right."

"I'm all right now." But Managh groaned as he sat up. He was pushed gently back again. "I know my ship went. But my crew?"

"We got the lot out of the boat, sir. They are all safe on the destroyer. But, I'm rather afraid—that is the lot."

"Ten men," Captain Managh said slowly. Then: "I think I saw my bos'n in the boat."

"A man called Crabbe, sir? He's here, and quite perky."

"I'd like to see him, if you please."

"Far better get some sleep first," the lieutenant suggested, knowing the suggestion was foolish. He beckoned to a sick-bay steward.

Crabbe came in, an overlarge ditty coat clutched round him, pyjamas crinkling about slippered feet.

In half an hour the surgeon lieutenant returned and drove him away. And because Captain Managh's nervous strain was now so apparent he mixed a sedative that eased the old man into a deep sleep.

In ten days his report was deposited with the Admiralty, and an interview with his owners was over. Captain Managh travelled home to his wife. And the next day, alone, despite her protestations, he set off on a journey to the neutrality of Eire, a permit authorized by the Admiralty taking him there with no other stipulation than that he discard his uniform and travel in civilians.

From Northern Ireland Managh crossed the border with mixed feelings.

It was many years since he had been here in this, his native country—as a younger man, in the service not of George VI but of George V, fourth officer of a ship that was, then as now, running the gauntlet of German submarines during World War One.

In that war he had come home to find his son, Rory, at seventeen years old, involved in the "troubles," and in hiding. He had not been able to locate him, but had learnt that Rory was wounded as well as "on the run," and wished to have nothing to do with a father in the uniform and the pay of the hated English. Then their house was destroyed. Captain Managh never could quite dispel the suspicion that Rory was concerned in that, try as he may. He had brought (*Continued on page* 64)

THE father hesitated the while the son stood half turned upon a heel, his lame foot draggling, ready to go. "Rory, your son took ship home to fight for England"

The Shape of Cars to Come . . .

By Wilma Buckley

BEFORE I even begin, let me quickly exculpate myself by stating that this is not intended to be a technical article in any degree. It is, rather, a partly informed, partly speculative discussion on some aspects of what is likely to be the future mode in motors, composed in the spirit of a fashion writer's forecast or a racing tipster's selections.

Motorists, past, present and to come, are all naturally interested in the appearance and development of the car of the future. "Where do we go from here?" is immediately answered by "We go on from where we left off in 1939-1940," at any rate for a start.

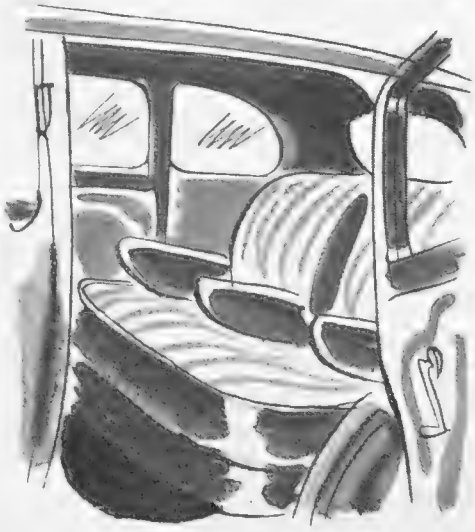
The immediate difficulties that confront planners and designers for pre-production work in this field—the questions of heavy purchase tax and horse-power tax, unsettled world conditions, high cost of living, controls of materials, the necessity for continuing to concentrate entirely on war work—appear to be exercising a restrictive influence on the trade's creative and preparatory organizations for any post-war production of civil goods. Since every firm connected in any way whatsoever with the making of cars or car accessories is engaged exclusively on war production (at the time of writing, whatever eventuality may befall in the near future!), it would seem that little can permissibly be achieved in the way of definite plans for a motorist's brave new world. Or may one visualize a kind of "underground" in the motor trade, designers and craftsmen working feverishly in their spare time (presumably in the small hours) behind locked and bolted doors, ready to emerge at the hour of liberation with a glittering fleet of 1944-1945 models?

After gathering information from representatives of the most august, the most celebrated chassis and body builders, from world-famous retailers, certain concrete facts do emerge from the somewhat nebulous and hush-hush atmosphere that seems to envelop the entire subject. (Where, oh! where are the garrulous motor-salesmen of yesteryear?)

The motorist of to-morrow will find that the accent is all on comfort. British cars have always been noted for this, in the piping days of peace and even under trying wartime conditions—activities in the desert, for instance, have proved the success of new systems of springing, one of the major issues where car-comfort is studied. It seems probable, also, that cars will be air-conditioned; thus there will no longer be any need to suffer in summer from torrid blasts and dust, streaming in through necessarily opened windows, nor to be pierced by icy draughts in winter. Heating will be installed, a far cry from the cumbersome, hot-water-filled foot-warmer of the past, from the chilly-floored saloon on a January night.

As a psychological reaction to years of camouflage, to drab and sober greys and khakis, there will undoubtedly be a widespread demand for brighter colours, in cars as in everything else. The English being a conservative race, I do not envisage the startling appearance on our roads of brilliant and eye-dazzling shades (thought sports cars, as ever, will no doubt let themselves go in this respect), but even where the more stately and dignified are concerned, blue will tend to be more vividly blue, green a deeper green. And unusual combinations of colour will affirm the individual's triumphant right to a new-found individuality.

Again as a (*Continued on page* 66)



See You For Lunch, Lady!

A Comedy of Misunderstandings in which a Trio of Pekes Prove to be the Star Actors

By B. L. Jacot

THE hall porter handed David the harness and said: "I think you'll want a taxi with these, sir."

Young Mr. Harrington took a turn with the strap round his gloved wrist and looked down at the Pekes. All three had their heads cocked over and up, watching him in a way that looked to him somewhat Chinese and inscrutable. Not a blink in six goggle eyeballs.

"I'll walk 'em round to my place," David said.

"Valuable animals, sir. Worth a mint of money, they say."

David nodded. He raised the lead, like a maestro with the baton. "Walkies!" he said. "Allez! Mush!" That, he thought, should cover the situation, and so indeed it did. As one dog, the Pekes hurled their shoulders against the collar, and the team moved off into Park Lane.

Three fat, golden backs, hair parted neatly down the middle, preceded him like manicured tugs into the park. This harness, he now saw, was a posh affair of morocco leather and silver-plated fittings. The plaited rein branched into three leads, and each lead in turn snapped into a silver buckle that crowned each canine body-belt or brassière.

"Well, this," said Mr. Harrington to himself, "is an odd affair. Nursemaid to three dogs. Lucky the brutes are only Pekes. Soft, pampered. More," he added, "like cats."

That afternoon the house telephone had buzzed on his desk in the business-like little office they had given him and, in the new executive voice, he had snapped: "David Harrington."

Then a peculiar thing happened to his face.

Mr. Harrington was tall and very blond, and—in spite of his fine record with the R.A.F.—inclined to be modest and unobtrusive. "Why, of course, Mr. Davidson!" he said. "Certainly, Mr. Davidson!" And as the awed and rather sickly smile spread, so the colour mounted until it reached his handle-like ears.

The truth was Mr. Harrington was scared stiff of the managing director, the man who had given him his job. And Mr. Davidson was now saying in a man-to-man voice:—

"I shall only be away for twenty-four hours and I don't trust the servants. You live just round the corner, don't you? I thought you wouldn't mind looking after them for me, just for to-night.... The only thing my wife really loves.... If anything happened to them I should never get on to speaking terms with her again."

And, so, here were the Pekes. Of such trifles, he was thinking now as the dog team forged ahead across the park, has many an outstanding career in advertising been built. If a fellow was in well with Davidson——

A tornado seemed to have hit Mr. Harrington. The master-lead stiffened like a cracked stock-whip, jerking him forward two yards in one bound. At the end of the lead something like a catherine wheel blurred in space.

Suddenly an Aberdeen terrier flew out of the maelstrom, landing on his retracted undercarriage, and, making a fine recovery, streaked for the wide, open spaces. From all sides dog leads converged upon Mr. Harrington's legs, swinging on them like ribbons around a maypole, and with a wild yell he collapsed.

When David got to his feet a small crowd had begun to collect and they handed up his hat like a bucket at the village fire. With the disengaged hand he put it absently on his head and as he did so he caught sight of his charges. Three heads were cocked over and up, watching him inscrutably.

He untangled the leads and passed on. They met no more dogs in the two hundred yards to where he lived in Brook Street, but in that short span the Pekes brought a postman off his bicycle, almost upset what looked like (at least) a ducal pram, got tied up in a lamp post, and so startled a slumbering cat that it fell off a ledge into the area.

Inside his little flat on the top floor at Horworth House, David locked the Pekes in the bathroom. The floor was rubber. Then he poured himself a whisky, splashed in a squirt of soda, and digging in the refrigerator in his miniature kitchen he unstuck a tray of ice cubes, using two and finding—as usual—the rest on his hands.

He took a grateful drink when mist showed on the glass and lit a cigarette.

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

General shuffling and scraping noises, punctuated by sustained sniffing, came from the bathroom. He felt, now that he could sit back, that he had come through the crisis. Those dogs—if Pekes really were dogs, which he now doubted—were dynamite. One thing he had noticed. The one with a white chest, an animal that, now he came to think of it, looked like a cross between a young lion and a Chinese bandit, was always in the van of whatever disastrous was happening at the moment. The other two cut-throats—frightful as they might be—were only stooges.

Keep the sights on that bow-legged bandit, he decided. And hope for the best. He took up the telephone.

"Send me up something to eat," he ordered, and when in due course a waiter appeared with a dinner from the restaurant below, he said: "Look here: there's half a cracker in it for you, young feller. Come up again in about an hour. I've some dogs to exercise before they retire for the night. All you have to do is walk in front and keep the way clear of any postmen who may be riding bicycles."

"Postmen, sir?"

David raised a silver lid and sniffed appreciatively. "And perambulators," he said absently.

After he had finished his meal and smoked a pipe David tried the dog team in the bathroom with the scraps of the meal. Bandit sniffed with extreme delicacy and turned the offering down flat. Stooge A and Stooge B were equally fastidious. He tried them with digestive biscuits, still without response.

With a career in advertising at stake he searched his tiny kitchen and hit on a tin of anchovies, and it was only by a fluke and quickness of the wrist that he saved the tin itself from the maw of Bandit, who took in the whole issue in one gulp. Stooge A got the only other tin of anchovies, Stooge B a pot of devilled bloater paste, and thus fortified the outfit took their bedtime exercise.

The night sortie passed without incident.

It was as he was coming up in the lift again that David ran into the girl from the flat across the corridor. He had a Peke under each arm, and, although he had noticed this girl about the building, he had never been in the lift with her before. A tall girl with grey eyes and expensive clothes, she had one of those complexions that no cosmetics on this earth can reproduce, and—as David now saw—ash-blond hair that came down to her shoulders in a burnished wave.

A peculiar feeling began to come over him at the intimacy of riding in the same lift. She was obviously the sort of girl who has hundreds of men ready to obey her slightest whim. A girl of expensive habits. But, at close range, she was marvellous to look at. As they arrived at their floor she turned her head and spoke.

"You seem," she said, "to be fond of dogs."

There was no sort of change of expression in the girl's face, nevertheless he was not sure, for the moment, that he had not fallen backwards down the lift shaft. When he had recovered enough to try to think up something to say, her front door had long since shut behind her.

Like a man in a daze, he shut the dogs in the bathroom and went back to his favourite armchair. This was the sort of girl a fellow should keep away from: if you got in close enough to take a good dekko at her, you had to treat the job like looking at the stars, or the moon. The thing was to make it impersonal. But, against a background of scraping and sniffing from the bathroom, he found himself recalling how white her teeth looked under her lips when she spoke.

It was just after eleven o'clock when a terrific commotion across the corridor brought him with a jerk out of his chair. It sounded as if all Bedlam had broken loose—yapping, squeaking, howling, shrieking, with the crash and thump of furniture in motion thrown in. With his mind on the Pekes, he thought: Lucky it's next door. Then a horrible thought struck him and he dashed for the bathroom.

It was empty and the window leading out on to the leads was open a crack at the bottom. He knocked three times at the flat across the corridor before the door flung suddenly open, and a girl collapsed in his arms. "Get them away. *Get them away!*" she cried. "*They're killing Mark Anthony!*"

David followed the peak noise of pandemonium with a leap across the hall into a sitting-room similar in shape to his own.

"GET those brutes out of this flat!" said a tight little voice

A smoke-blue Persian cat was balanced like a tight-rope walker on top of an oil painting by Derain, hung high on the wall, and rising like the breaking of swells against a sea wall, the Bandit and his stooges leapt to the attack.

He seized a pair of the Pekes and held them in his arms. The noise stopped as if switched off, only a feeble hissing from Mark Anthony over Derain sounded. He could see now that small tables were overturned about the place; things like telephones were on the floor; rugs seemed to be unconventionally mixed up with chairs.

"Get those brutes out of this flat!" said a tight little voice.

"I'm terribly sorry. The bathroom——"

"Get them out of this flat!"

He took them and shut them in a now hermetically sealed bathroom, then walked back, drawn like a moth to a candle. "Let me help you get your cat down," he offered, filled with remorse and humility.

She was standing on a chair and as he approached she lunged back with her foot and struck him in the midriff. "Leave this cat alone!"

"I wasn't going to touch the lo—the cat," he said.

"Go on! Say it! The lousy cat. First your dogs half kill him. Then you come in when no one asked you and start shouting at me and using language that isn't fit to hear."

Now, in the normal way, David was a mild and inoffensive fellow and practically never lost his temper, so that there never had been any call for him to learn to control what temper he had. The sight of this girl, anyway, keyed him up, removed him from the current of ordinary, predictable life.

"You're the only one who's shouting!" he yelled at the top of his voice. "And what language have I been using? Eh?"

The girl turned on him in sheer astonishment. "I suppose you're not shouting at me now?"

"If I am," he heard himself yelling in a voice that set the dog outfit barking across the way, "I've got something to shout about."

She climbed down slowly and set her slim hands on her hips. "What?" He tried hard to think what.

She was looking him over with interest. "Your wretched dogs rush in and begin to tear my cat to pieces, scaring him out of his wits, poor creature, and you come thundering in, kicking the furniture about like a great oaf, and shouting and cursing——"

"Listen!" He pulled her round to face him. "How those dogs got into your flat I don't know. Must have been over the leads. You had a window open or——"

"Is there any law against that?"

"As soon as I heard—— Oh, dash it! I only said shall I help you down with the cat."

"You're hurting my wrist."

He looked down. "Sorry. Do you want that cat off the top of that picture frame, or do you not?"

"I want him off the wall."

Stepping on to the chair David made a grab and handed the cat to its mistress. "You started this by kicking me in the waistcoat," he said.

Now that she had the cat there was a glint in the girl's eyes. "And I could think of a good way of ending it," she said, and at that moment a man walked in unwinding a silk muffler from round his throat. He stopped short, eyes wandering round the scene, then fixing on David, he said: "Good Lord! Dipper!"

"Mitch!"

"This man was with 42 Squadron, my sweet!"

David found himself meeting the girl's eye once more. There was a growing respect in it. "You were in the R.A.F. with my brother?"

"That's where I learnt my bad language you've been complaining about!"

"What rank?"

Her brother answered. "He was our wing commander."

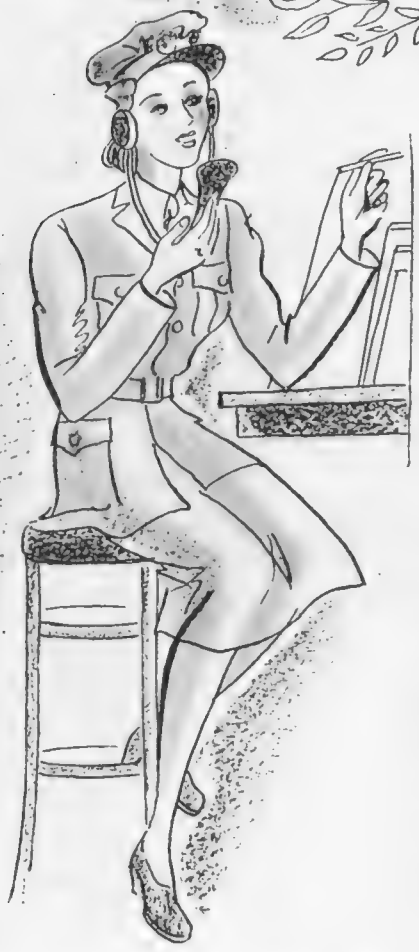
"Just fancy. Pekes in a fighter squadron!" (*Continued on page* 67)

AS he passed her, the girl pulled at his arm. "He's knocked Bill out!" she sobbed. "Look out"

ON DUTY AND OFF

It is curious how much one can be irritated by little things which are in themselves quite unimportant. For instance, you may rip out an old zip fastener from a worn-out dress ; but the dressmaker is not allowed to sew it into your new dress : instead, she must sew on hooks and eyes. You may take your own nail-varnish when you have your nails manicured ; but the manicurist is not allowed to put it on for you ; nor is she allowed to remove any varnish you have on your nails. No one can convince me that these petty restrictions are really necessary to the war effort, and they become all the more annoying when we read of silk stockings that were to have been exported to occupied countries and Paris stores well stocked with perfume. We have worked hard and put up with a great many necessary discomforts, and the time has now arrived when silly little restrictions should be done away with

By Jane Gordon



BEFORE you go on reading this, stop for a minute and look at your hands. Examine the colour and the texture of the skin, the shape of your fingers, the size of your knuckles, the condition of your cuticles. Those hands of yours have, I am sure, done a lot of war work during these past five years, and you probably have every right to be proud of the work they have done. All the same, you do not want them to look hard-worked, and even now there are still ways and means of keeping your hands soft and white and pretty.

ON DUTY

A special protective cream, which was originally designed for factory work, is now made for house work. The cream is rubbed on to the hands, fills up the pores, leaves a slight film and prevents grease, grime and dirt becoming ingrained. When your hands are washed after the job, they are left free of all telltale work lines. A large jar of this Barrier Cream costs 1s. 6d.

You can still get the glycerine jelly type of cream, which is the best kind for day use, as it leaves the hands neither greasy nor sticky. Originally this was a French preparation, which made its appearance in this country after the last war and is still made according to the pre-war formula. A 2s. jar lasts four weeks.

Then there is a peach-and-almond lotion which is made in a delicate pastel peach shade. When you go off duty and you feel that your hands need a little make-up, this is the lotion for you. It is a party preparation, with a faint almond-heliotrope perfume, and the price is 2s. or 3s. 6d. a bottle.

Hands that chap and crack in cold weather need a special hand lotion, and I have discovered one called Canadian Hand Lotion, price 9d., 1s. 4d. or 2s. 6d. a bottle. A few drops of this should be massaged into the hands each time after washing and last thing at night. For extra dry skin nothing is better than pure lanoline. You can get 1 lb. delf jars for 4s. 6d., 8d. postage.

Nothing makes a hand look shabbier than fingers stained with nicotine. Nicotine Stain Remover only costs 1s. 6d. a bottle, and it is worth keeping a bottle handy for men as well as women. Another useful thing is pumice-stone soap, which is only 6d. a tablet.

In these days, a manicurist is as rare as a cook, and as far as I know a manicure of pre-war standard is unobtainable, so that nail preparations are not just a little luxury between the professional manicure ; they are an absolute necessity. Thank goodness you can still get Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 2s. 7½d., and their Nail-Polish Powder, which gives the nails a natural lustre and costs the same as the Cuticle Remover. If you do not possess a good buffer, polish the nails of the right hand with the palm of the left and vice versa. There is a preparation called Nailsure Cuticle Remover and Shampoo, which is excellent for cleaning the nails and removing the cuticles. The formula includes certain oils which keep both nails and cuticles in good condition.

IT is extraordinary how seldom you see really pretty arms, and as for elbows—they are usually a woman's ugliest feature. If you want to know what your own elbows look like to other people, stand with your back to a mirror when you are sleeveless, look over your shoulder while your arms are hanging at your sides, and make up your mind whether your own elbows are an asset or a liability to your appearance.

OFF DUTY

(*Continued on p.* 58)

WHEN COMES

THE problems of a five-years war fall thick and heavy upon us all. Some of these will be solved by the coming of peace. Others will go on to plague us in the time when we are struggling to adjust new outlooks and fresh values to a background which the passage of time has turned into a misfit.

The fact must be faced that thousands of couples who parted to go to war in the firm conviction that the other person was indispensable have discovered, either gradually or with a sudden revelation, that this is not the case.

New responsibilities, new friends and divergent interests have eaten slowly but deeply into their complacent acceptance of the things that were.

GIRLS and boys who married hastily in the first hectic flush of stimulation, and parted again before there was time to put down roots of mutual interest, or to establish love upon the sound and solid basis of shared experience, have had time to think again. Second thoughts are sometimes disturbing.

Even the older hands at marriage are puzzled. Without cynicism, one is obliged to accept the fact that habit is a powerful factor in personal relations.

Men and women embark upon marriage on the crest of an emotional wave. Later, emotion quietens down into the affectionate relationship of things shared. This can, and does, continue with the happiest results; but the earthquake effect which long and sustained separation is bound to bring upon this comfortable habit is shattering when its full significance dawns.

Husbands who exchanged the pleasantly uneventful atmosphere of domesticity for the free camaraderie of service, the casual informality of companionship with other men, may be loath to lose their freedom. The narrow circle of the city and the local has given way to the challenge of the open skies, the excitement of danger in far places. Home is a far-off dream; still dear in its associations, but now a little unreal, and, perhaps—it must be faced—constricting to a spirit that has been geared to high adventure.

Change has been just as drastic in women's affairs. The domestic scene has altered completely for many of them. Freedom, in a new and scintillating habit, has walked in.

YOUNG women who would, normally, have found themselves at this time sheltered within the circle of a home, preoccupied with the demands of family life, have been plunged into the wide world of experience. The phoney values of wartime society have led many young wives into a round of gaiety and freedom from the so-called stuffier conventions. Denied the excitement, the admiration, the stimulus of this life, can they return happily to the humdrum, slippers-by-the-fire background?

Even the older woman has been shown a new and stimulating world. Financial

THE BIG PROBLEM WHICH LOOMS BEFORE MANY MEN AND WOMEN ON THE THRESHOLD OF PEACE IS HOW TO READJUST THEMSELVES INTO THE PRE-WAR PICTURE.

HE HOME

independence through her war work ; the responsibility of managing a home unaided, have revealed new qualities and new potentialities in herself. She sees herself—perhaps rightly—as a woman of affairs. A responsible, independent person, capable of ordering her own life, spending her own money, choosing her own friends, and even of facing appalling danger unsupported.

NOBODY can be blamed because these things have occurred. Experience moulds men and women into different shapes.

But the future must be faced. Reunion draws nearer, and its problems must be anticipated *now*.

Perhaps there is no way out for some, but for most I am convinced that common sense and mutual tolerance will dissolve many of the difficulties. Two people who have the courage and the sense to face their difficulties squarely, to accept in each other the inevitability of change and to decide upon a mutual campaign of readjustment, must stand a better chance of success than those who forlornly and passively hope that "things will right themselves."

THE woman who expects her husband to return from five years of adventure the same man who went away, is in for a shock.

The man who resents his wife's newfound independence, who looks for her to discard it like a cloak upon his reappearance, is just a fool.

The practical readjustments of life together will not be easy. They will, however, be easiest for the people who do not expect too easy a passage and are ready to fight for their happiness. In any case, the rediscovery of the other person should be stimulating. Nothing humdrum here.

Women have to bear in mind that their returning men have been around. They have seen many strange places and done many strange things. Their experience and knowledge have been widened. They will be more interesting people, and they will probably expect their wives to be also. This calls for some polishing-up of wits on the part of wives.

The longer men are away from home, the more they have suffered and communed with misery, the more they idealise their homes and wives. Their memories of home and the women they left behind are apt to become a little unrealistic. It is an essential and very delicate task for wives to see that these illusions are gently and *painlessly* readjusted to standards of practical reality.

PHYSICAL fitness is a factor to be reckoned with too. A man who is 100 per cent. healthy is an active, virile and joyous creature. No partner, in fact, for a limp and weary woman with no energy and no great liking for activity. Wives will have to look to their health as a practical contribution to happiness. Sleep, exercise and outdoor living—above all, contentment—will ensure it.

Beyond this, the success of the future depends for most couples upon the will to meet difficulties with sense, toleration, humour, and with the conviction that love is sustained by the intelligence as much as by the emotions.

WINIFRED LEWIS

TUCK-IN BLOUSE WITH

A LACY PATTERN, A FRILL AT SQUARE NECK AND SLEEVES, JUST RIGHT BENEATH YOUR JACKET

MATERIALS REQUIRED

6 ozs. of 3-ply Paton's Beehive Fingering; one pair of No. 9 and one of No. 12 needles; 1¾ yds. of frilly edging.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder to lower edge, 18 ins.; across under-arms, 17 ins.; sleeve length from shoulder to lower edge, 9½ ins.

TENSION

13 sts. to 2 ins.

BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 114 st.

Rows 1 and 2.—Knit.

3rd row.—* K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to last 2 st., k. 2.

4th row.—Knit.

Change to No. 9 needles and the following pattern:

1st row.—* P. 2, k. 4, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.k. 3, repeat from * ending p. 2, k. 2.

2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th and 12th rows.—Purl.

3rd row.—K. 1, * p. 2, k. 4, m. 1, slip 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.k. 3, repeat from * ending p. 2, k. 1.

5th row.—K. 2, * p. 2, k. 4, m. 1, slip 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.k. 3, repeat from * ending p. 2.

7th row.—K. 2, * p. 2, k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4, repeat from * ending p. 2, k. 1.

9th row.—K. 1,* p. 2, k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4, repeat from * ending k. 3.

11th row.—* P. 2, k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4, repeat from * ending p. 2, k. 2. (*Continued on page 62*)

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; P. = purl; inc. = increase or increasing; st. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; m. = make

THREE-TONED JACKET WE CHOSE

BLACK, BLUE AND FUCHSIA; ANY EQUIVALENT COMBINE WOULD LOOK AS GOOD

MATERIALS REQUIRED

6 ozs. of La Laine Super 3-ply in a dark shade; 1 oz. each of La Laine Super 3-ply in bright Conbias shades; No. 9 and No. 12 needles; No. 1 crochet-hook (steel).

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder to lower edge, 22 ins.; across back under-arms, 17 ins.; across front under-arms, 10 ins.; sleeve length from shoulder to lower edge, 24 ins.

TENSION

7 st. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 9 needles and dark wool, cast on 102 st. Rib. 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Continue in the following pattern:

1st row.—Knit.

2nd row.—K. 1, * p. 4, k. 2. Repeat from * ending k. 1.

These 2 rows form pattern. Work until 5 ins. from the cast-on edge. Change to No. 12 needles. Work 1½ ins. Change to No. 9 needles and inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 126 st. Work without further shaping until 15 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 st. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole-end rows, then decrease 1 st. each end of every row until 96 st. remain. Work 7 ins. on these 96 st.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 10 st. at the beg. of the next 10 rows. Cast off remaining st. (*Continued on page 62*)

DRESS:

BY JEAN BURNUP
Editor Women's Department

High hat from Aage Thaarup, brown felt, masterfully draped and swathed as if it were fabric, trimmed with parma violets. Otherwise Thaarup's collection shows Regency and Chinese influences. There is a pointed coolie crown on a rolling brim, trailing a gold-spangled black net veil . . . a tall black felt with a mandarin heritage, dramatised by a symbolic gilt ornament, extreme, but wonderful . . . high-waisted crowns and curving brims *à la* Regency buck . . . one beauty in palest parma, with soft, moulded folds front of the crown, a deep violet velvet bow at back.

Hand-woven, striped woollen blouse, moulding diaphragm and hips, to go over or under your skirt. A little soft shirring, a narrow tie occurs at the neckline. It can also be made in striped chiffon, with full bishop's sleeves. Designed by Miss Foster, Ships.

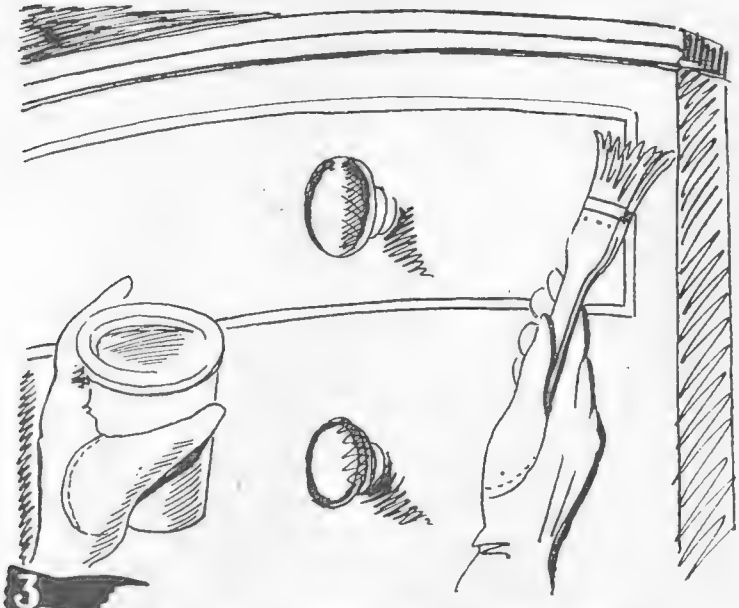
Fashion news from Paris tells of elaborate, extravagant styles, immensely full skirts, tiny waists, abundant trims, enormously high, top-heavy hats. Here, restrictions and coupons will limit our dress desires for some time to come, but already it seems as if the old pendulum swings again, and that the functional simplicity of the past five years yields to more womanly, romantic, provocative trends. This was expressed at the Rahvis collection, with its deep, day necklines, skin-tight midriffs and almost brassière-like accenting of the breasts ; its profusion of waisted tunics flaring over tight skirts ; black, tight dresses or skirts, with cute, contrasting, *péplumed* or basqued jackets ; vivid, provocative colours allied with black. An unforgettable outfit is a slim black sexy affair, low-necked, one pocket flaunting a velvet fuchsia rose, fuchsia velvet gloves and poke-bonnet with a black veil. The dinner dress to the right is a black crêpe tunic over a long, sheath skirt, a purply red rose and matching gloves. For dressed-up day wear there is a short skirt, with back fullness, a red velvet bonnet.

1

Collect the materials and tools for the job. These include turpentine, a chemical stripping agent, sand-paper, paint, new brushes, a scraping-tool to remove old paint and a pair of gloves to protect your hands.

2

Wash the piece of furniture very thoroughly with hot soda water, removing all traces of grease and old furniture-polish, as well as dust and dirt which have collected in crevices and corners. Remove the drawers and clean these separately inside and out.

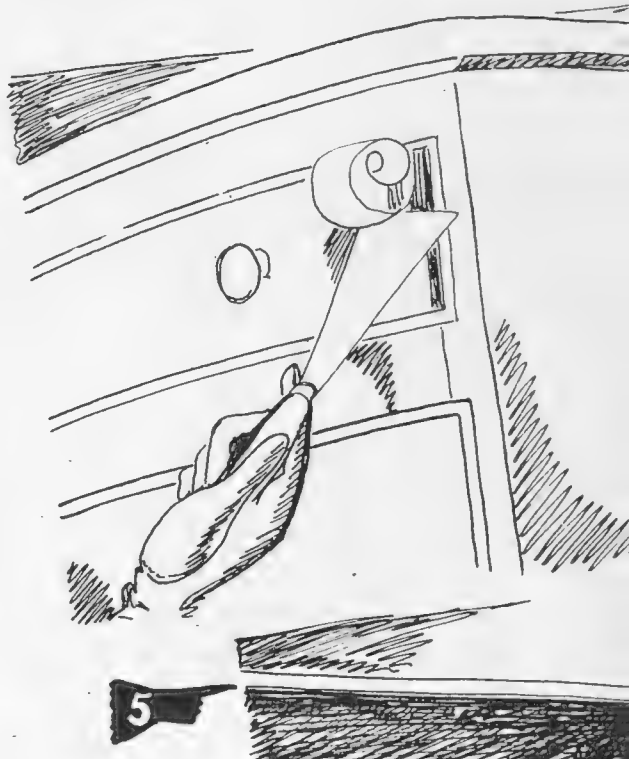


3

Now, with a chemical stripper, which can be bought at the paint-shop, and wearing gloves to protect the hands, spread the contents of the tin over the whole surface of the furniture. Spread it thickly with a large paint-brush.

STRIPPING AND

OLD, SHABBY AND EVEN BLAST-SCARRED FURNITURE AGAIN WITH THE AID OF PAINT. HERE WE SHOW PAINTING A CHEST OF DRAWERS, FOR THOSE WHO



5

When the old surface has been removed and the wood is stripped down to its original colour, take the furniture out of doors and wash it very thoroughly with several lots of clean water. Let it dry, and then sand-paper the surface very thoroughly all over to reduce any roughness or unevenness which may result. The finished effect of the new paint depends on this.

REPAINTING

CAN BE RESTORED TO YOUTH AND GOOD LOOKS THE PROGRESSIVE STAGES OF STRIPPING AND RE-FEEL ADVENTURE CALLING WITH A PAINT-POT.

Minor Repairs

Furniture that has long been in store and some which has been exposed to bomb-blast will need many small repairs which can be done at home by the amateur with a few tools.

Drawers that will not run smoothly because of swelling caused by damp should be removed. If the sides of the drawer are examined, it will be found that the wood is shiny in those parts where the friction is hardest. Rub the top of the drawer sides very hard at these points with a coarse sand-paper. The very slight smoothing-off resulting from this will probably ease the trouble. Candle-grease or hard soap, rubbed on the parts before the drawer is replaced, will further improve matters.

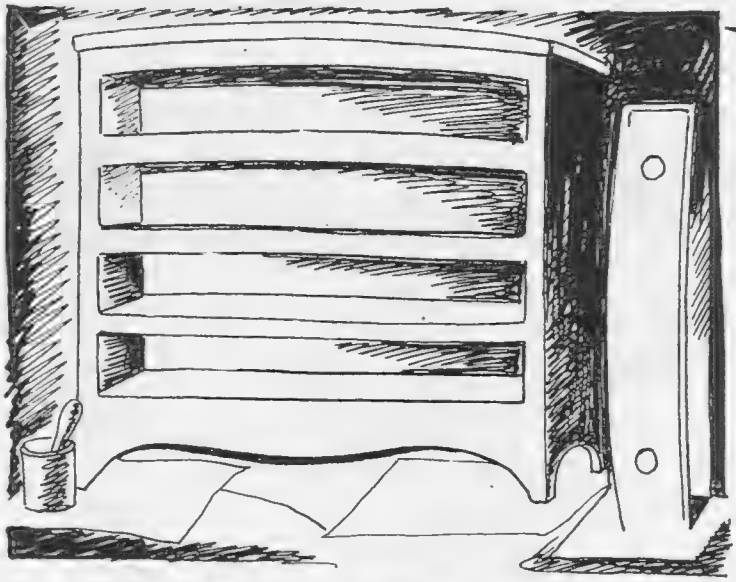
Handles and drawer-knobs that have come off can be replaced with a little glue. If the hole into which the handle or drawer-knob fits has worn too large to fit the handle, this can be filled with a small quantity of plastic wood. Press the knob, lightly smeared with glue, into the plastic wood before it hardens. Wipe the surplus paste away from the sides of the handle and leave to set.

A broken chair-leg is a little more tricky to repair. Place the two broken edges together with glue, and when this has dried attach a small piece of wood on the inside of the leg over the broken part with a screw at the top and bottom. This is the only way to give support to the break sufficient to take the weight of a person sitting in the chair.

Upholstered chair-seats that sag in the middle should be turned underside up and the canvas backing removed. The old webbing which holds the springs in place will be found, unless the springs themselves are broken, to be worn threadbare. Remove the old webbing and replace it, in exactly the same way, with new. Draw the webbing very tightly across from one side of the chair-frame to the other, thus holding the springs in place. Replace the canvas and tack down firmly round the edges.

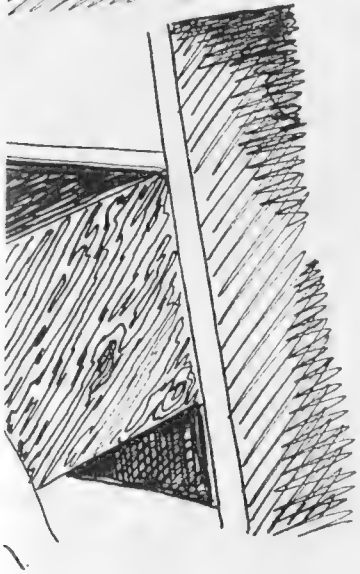
4

Leave the stripping agent for several hours to do its work of loosening the paint, stain or polish which is to be removed. If possible, leave it overnight, and by the morning it will be possible to scrape the surface off in large flakes with a putty-knife or the blunt edge of an old kitchen-knife. If the surface is still hard to move, give another coat of stripper to the more difficult parts and leave it to settle for a few hours more.



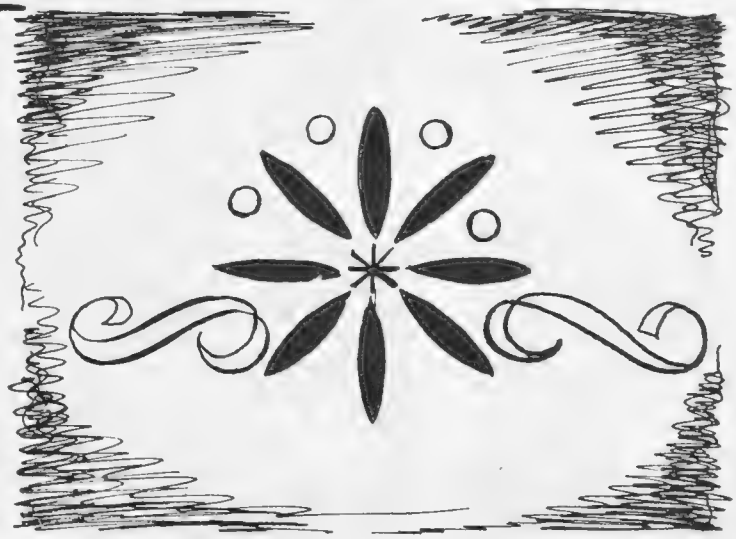
6

When the sand-papering has given a smooth, clean finish to the surface of the wood, start the repainting. Use a good quality paint-brush, as this improves the evenness of work. Stand the chest on large sheets of paper to protect the floor, well away from the wall so that you can walk all round it while you work. One undercoating is sufficient, but two will improve the appearance and give a harder surface. If the paint is heavy to work, stand the tin in hot water.



7

Doors and the fronts of drawers can be decorated to give a gayer finished effect to the newly-painted furniture. Wait until the new paint is dry and hard before attempting to paint on a decoration. Stencils can be used to produce a flower *motif*, or a very simple decorative outline such as the one on the right could be traced very lightly on to the surface of the wood and then painted in. An artist's brush and oil colours can be used for this.



HOUSE SENSE

FOR HOUSEWIVES ABOUT CLEANING, REPAIRING AND KEEPING PACE WITH COMFORT AND EFFICIENCY

1. When rubber hot-water bottles give out and there is nothing else to replace them, put a brick in the oven to warm and wrap it up in a piece of blanket.

2. Precious coal supplies go further if the scuttle is sprinkled with a solution made from a half-teaspoonful of saltpetre in half a pint of water.

3. Worn-out scrubbing-brushes make a useful come-back as shoe or floor polishers if a cloth is secured over the bristles and tacked to the back.

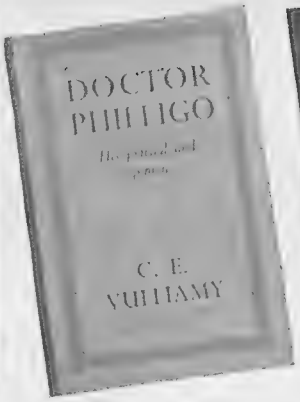
4. To soften kapok-cushion filling that has become lumpy, remove from the old covering and lay out on a piece of newspaper. Tie the cushion cover over the Hoover in place of the dustbag. Get the kapok back into the cover through the machine by suction.

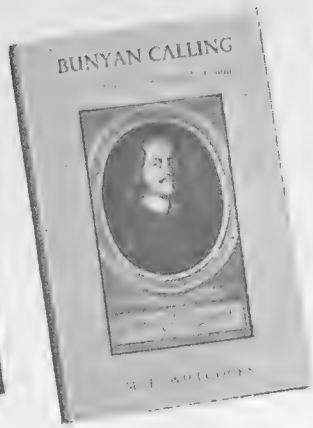
5. Enamel pie-dishes are hard to replace. Burnt ones can be restored by rubbing the surface patiently with a mixture of wood ash and common salt. Apply with a cloth.

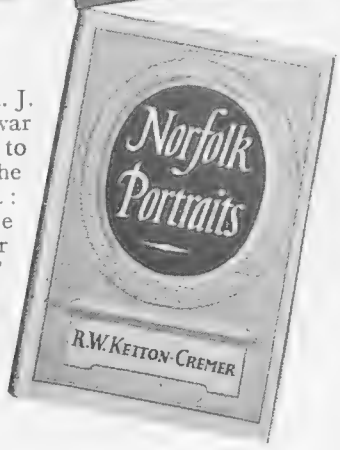
6. When silver tableware is put away after cleaning, lay a few moth-balls inside the baize or flannel cloth which is used for wrapping. This prevents tarnishing.

7. If candles are used for lighting the dining-table, their life can be prolonged, without impairing the light, by coating the candle surface with a clear varnish.

8. To save fuel and speed up the boiling of the kettle, keep the base perfectly clean. An obstinate accumulation of dirt and hard soot can be removed with methylated spirit.





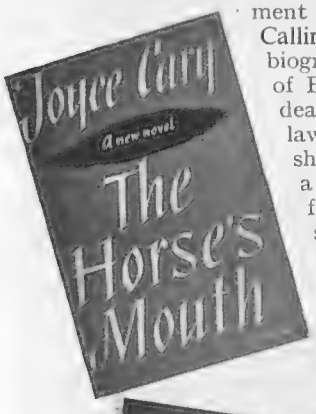


Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

AN eighteenth-century eccentric of some note was Dr. Messenger Monsey of Bury St. Edmunds and Chelsea Hospital. His idea of painless dentistry was to tie an aching tooth by catgut to a perforated bullet and fire the bullet from a pistol. His habit in the country was to hide his banknotes in the fireplace under sticks and coal, for safety; and once he returned unexpectedly to find his housekeeper giving a tea party in his rooms, with the fire blazing merrily. Dr. Johnson referred to him as "a fellow who swore and talked bawdy." He is one of Mr. R. W. Ketton-Cremer's entrancing "**Norfolk Portraits**" (Faber, 15s.), which include also Charles II on a Norfolk visit, the celebrated Paston family in decline, Oliver le Neve's duel with Sir Henry Hobart, James Windham's reactions to the South Sea Bubble, and other worthies. A scholarly browse for all who hanker after the far away and long ago, in a *format* tastefully Faberian.

ANOTHER rare medico was Mr. C. E. Vulliamy's "**Doctor Philligo**" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), who practised for thirty-six years in and around the Cotswold village of Dropwater and died in 1915, age 77. But since he served places like Muckley, Spewing-on-the-Hill, Steeple-cum-Shinday, Tapsdown and Cold Upwash, there would seem to be a catch somewhere in this diverting journal of a doctor who loved to go for long solitary walks with his flute, filling the dingles with warblings. Anyway, he is most entertaining on Parnell, Gladstone, Joe Chamberlain, Dreyfus, Wilde, Mrs. Maybrick, the Baccarat scandal, suffragettes, the safety bicycle, and bloomers, and well repays the author of the "Polderoy Papers" for his trouble in acquiring the original twenty-seven volumes from Mrs. Loder Quayle of Purley. . . . They are so fragrantly Vicky-Edwardian.

Far away, long ago, too, seem those firelight days of childhood when we reclined on the hearthrug devouring the "Pilgrim's Progress"; but we can renew their enchantment in Miss M. P. Willcocks's "**Bunyan Calling**" (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.), a biographical study of the devout tinker of Bedford, his religious conscience, his dealings with zealots, his fight with the law, his six years in gaol, his two shadowy wives; a spiritual portrait of a man of the people who spoke out, fearing none but God and Lucifer; a sensitive picture of seventeenth-century England. It is good to have this new impression of a work which looks like becoming a classic.



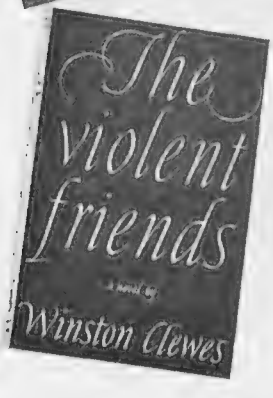
AND now for things nearer. Mr. A. J. Liebling is a very frank U.S. war correspondent. In "**The Road Back to Paris**" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), he writes of an action in North Africa: "The men did not know where the battle was. Soldiers seldom and war correspondents almost never do." One so frank about himself may be frank about others. He compares de Gaulle with De Valera: "Both great patriots not easy to live with who share an Iberian pride, stubbornness, and suspicion of people around them." He describes a press conference of General Giraud's in a school building, with pressmen "herded into his presence much as if we were going before the headmaster." The sardonic note points a vivid straight narrative of the retreat from Paris, the desert campaign, England's home front under the blitz, a voyage to U.S.A. in a Norwegian tanker; and we learn, among other things, that Giraud wore no decorations "because I have taken an oath not to wear any until I enter Metz at the head of a victorious army," and that our men on the Dunkirk beaches organized motor-bike races, betted on them with "bookies," and made sure the bets were settled before leaving! A first-rate, expertly written record.

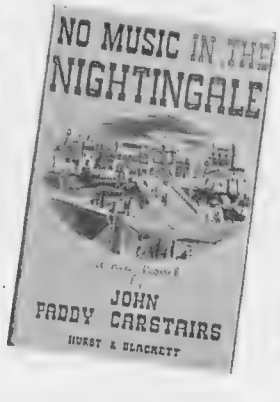
WHEN Mr. Godfrey Winn was posted to the Navy as an ordinary seaman he feared not the work, discipline, danger, but "the scourge of never for one (*Continued on page* 64)

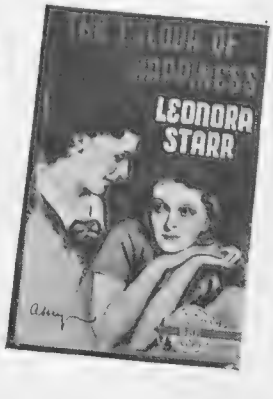
"Except I Be By Silvia . . ."

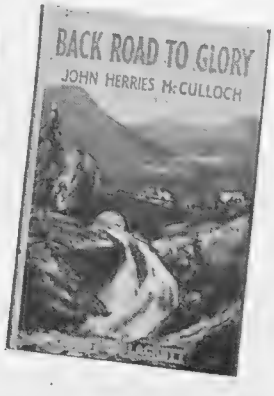
SHAKESPEARE'S exquisite lines serve Mr. John Paddy Carstairs admirably in a novel which marks the maturing of a talent as original as that of his father, Nelson Keys. If people be frustrated by the twists of circumstance—if they become linked with the wrong partners—if they be not with the Silvia of their heart's desire—of what avail is the nightingale's song? That is the problem of most of his characters in "**No Music in the Nightingale**" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.) who find themselves in a wartime harbour town and have to make the best of a life unfulfilled, a world gone awry. Felicity Green, for instance, loved Harry, but he was already married, and a soldier's death in the Libyan desert resolved all scruples about divorce. Everything went with him. She became the town's "sweetheart," the social outcast.

Mr. Carstairs, with filmic technique, focuses the others in turn, reel by reel, and a culminating air raid helps to decide their destinies, if only through death. Character, psychology, are strong and convincing. If his previous novels were champagne cocktails, this is rich Burgundy with body. I happen to know that he is modestly proud of this serious turn in his work; he has every right to be. And now, Mr. Carstairs . . . a liqueur.









"Little Emily's Bridge." An ancient structure of exquisite but simple design. The person commemorated is the Emily Norton of Wordsworth's poem, "The White Doe of Rylstone." (Above right) The old Calder Bridge at Wakefield and the 600-year-old bridge chapel known as St. Mary's Chantry Chapel

Famed In Song And Story . . .

Some Ancient Bridges of the North Country

By G. Bernard Wood

HOW much does the charm of our countryside owe to the small, lesser-known bridges! Built of local stone very often, and sometimes following no traditional pattern, they have proved their usefulness for centuries, though to-day they may be "pensioned off"—bypassed in favour of some modern structure.

This has been the recent fate of the old Calder Bridge at Wakefield but none will mind the intrusive bridge which cuts out a dangerous bend on the Doncaster Road if the old arched bridge with its lovely little fourteenth-century chapel is the better preserved. In medieval days travellers would step inside this tiny sanctuary, known as St. Mary's Chantry Chapel, and pray for protection on their journey or give thanks for their safe return. It projects riverwards from the middle of the bridge on the east side and rests on a small islet in midstream. Formerly the priest in charge gained access to the chapel via this grass-covered islet. In 1940 the bridge chapel was beautifully restored.

Redmayne's Bridge in the charming Wharfedale village of Linton, near Grassington. Built 250 years ago at the expense of Miss Redmayne, who had it made narrow in the centre so that farmers who had refused to pay anything towards its cost could not use it for their carts

Monks frequently built bridges on our highways and maintained them too. At Wath in Nidderdale you can see a lovely packhorse bridge which the monks of Fountains Abbey set up 600 years ago, but one of the finest examples of their handiwork survives in the abbey grounds. It is the Abbot's Bridge, spanning the tiny River Skell which the Cistercian brotherhood at Fountains Abbey harnessed for so many of their needs. Its mellowed stonework now gives harbourage to a rich profusion of flowers and ferns.

Linnels or Linolds Bridge, crossing the Devil's Water near Hexham, Northumberland, is a wide-arched structure surmounted by a quaint, informative tablet which beseeches: "God preserve W. E. Winfoird Erington, who beledite (built) this brege of lyme and stone. Ano. Do. 1581." It is a delightful relic. One bridge, at South Kilvington in North Yorkshire, has a fiddle engraved on the parapet, while the old Border Bridge at Berwick-upon-Tweed carries a sundial which you may consult by standing within one of the recesses provided.

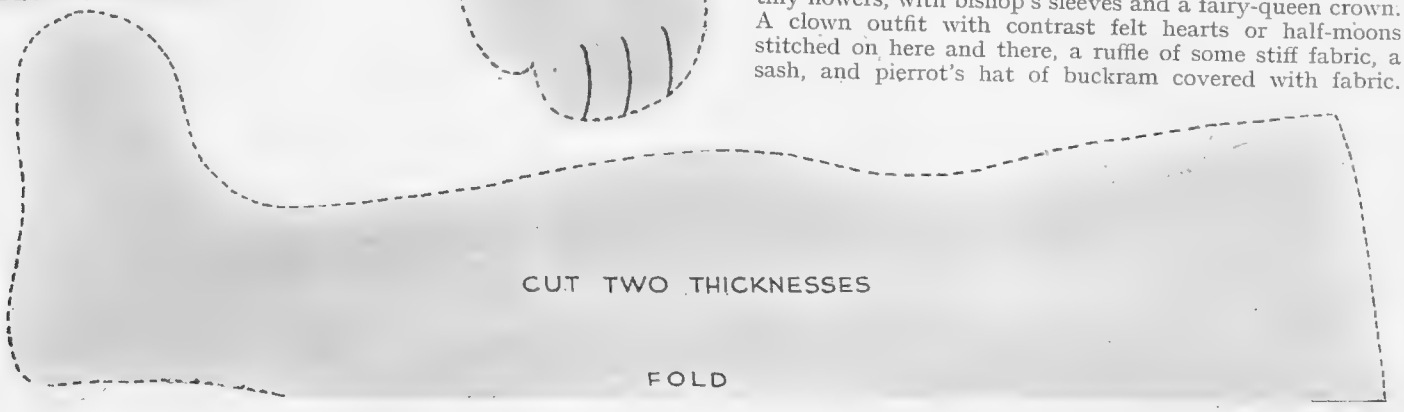
Graceful is Redmayne's Bridge in the charming Wharfedale village of Linton (near Grassington), but the circumstances (*Continued on page* 58)

Abbot's Bridge, which was built by the monks of Fountains Abbey. It is situate in the abbey grounds and spans the tiny River Skell

The Brontë Bridge at Sladen Beck, Yorkshire. This was a favourite resort of the Brontë sisters

Linnels or Linolds Bridge, crossing the Devil's Water, near Hexham. Built in 1581 it is now a delightful relic

A Cutie To Make At Home



CUT out pattern in flesh-coloured silk material (old nightgown is suitable) with centre torso and back of legs on a fold; allow ¼ in. all round for turnings. Trace and embroider face. Turn outsides in and stitch all around ¼ in. from edge, do darts in head before stitching, leave end of torso and tops of legs and arms unstitched for filling. Turn on to right side again and fill, putting a 3-in. corset bone or pencil up the neck so that half of it is in the head and half in the torso—this keeps the head from wobbling. Join limbs to body. Get some crepe hair or a hank of coloured darning wool and stitch it down the centre parting to the head and again at each side.

Our doll wears a skirt and apron, a full-sleeved blouse, little laced bodice, and a headdress. Other suggestions: Pantaloons trimmed with narrow frilled lace, showing beneath a long, full-skirted Victorian dress, and a poke bonnet edged with lace, trimmed with flowers. A full net or tulle frock (over a silk petticoat) decked with stars or tiny flowers, with bishop's sleeves and a fairy-queen crown. A clown outfit with contrast felt hearts or half-moons stitched on here and there, a ruffle of some stiff fabric, a sash, and pierrot's hat of buckram covered with fabric.

A LADY AND A COLD

SHE NEVER CATCHES COLD . . .

. . . because she keeps her body toxin-free. She is mentally and physically alert and never sags. Neither does her circulation, she always gives it a good brisk cold-towel rub-down after her bath. She avoids the more concealing type of heavy woollies and gives her skin a chance to breathe and make its own adjustment to changes in temperature. She lives and works in a city, but she likes fresh air and breathes it in properly when she gets a chance. Accordingly she has built up a good defence against germs. She is lucky in having a strong pair of lungs. She is a quick worker in destroying all possible germs that she has contacted in bus, shop or office, with a single antiseptic gargle. She does not wait until the germs have made their presence felt but gargles as soon as a cold-sufferer has crossed her path. She does not go out of her way to spend hours in germ-laden atmospheres.

SHE USED TO CATCH COLD . . .

. . . because she had a weak chest from childhood and any germs she chanced to meet made speedy work of her feeble defences. Her colds usually turned to bronchitis.

This meant about a week or so in bed and another week or so convalescing. Like most bronchial sufferers, she could expect two or three attacks during the winter. In each case her original cold generally started off colds for the rest of the household.

Now, after consulting with her doctor, she has had anti-bronchial injections which have worked miracles. She takes vitamins A and D in concentrated form. Vitamin A is the most important for combating cold germs. It comes in cod- and halibut-liver oils, suet, egg-yolks, milk, fat and green-leaf vegetables.

She includes a vitamin A vegetable in her diet each day. She has given up smoking entirely. She does deep-breathing exercises each morning in front of an open window, and while this seemed a chore at the start, she is now a deep-breathing addict and cannot start the day without it.

She keeps her circulation on the move by a few steady conditioning exercises and as much robust outdoor exercise as she can fit in.

Nowadays, practically cold-free, she holds that the all-over time spent in cold combat isn't anything like the time she spent in bed and recovering from bronchitis.

SHE HAS A COLD FOR WEEKS . . .

. . . because she practically paralyses her natural defence system by salvo doses of drugs, which, taken in the right way, are beneficial, but taken off and on during the day merely keep the temperature down and therefore let you feel a little better. At the same time they let the cold germs feel better, as temperature is the body's natural reaction to germs.

She takes cough medicines before they are needed, sucks lozenges all day, inhales with a patent sniffer, and so keeps the cold at bay—but at a very troublesome bay—for weeks maybe.

Then she stops her precautions for a day or so and the cold is on her, fighting mad, while her own natural defences are down.

When the worst is over, she doesn't bother about building up her resistance with a tonic, nor about clearing up the catarrh in her nasal passages—catarrh is a cosy nesting ground for cold germs.

Frequently, her cold lingers on in the form of a nasty cough until the spring. That is treated half-heartedly with cough mixtures which she will take for a few days, then the rest goes sticky in the bottle. Here is a case of a cold martyr who, cheerfully, careless about her own well-being, spreads colds with the same nonchalance.

SHE CATCHES COLD EASILY . . .

. . . because she smokes too heavily and this affects the defence system of the nasal mucous membranes. She huddles by the fire, with shut windows, and when she goes out, puts on layers of heavy woollies so that her skin is kept in a semi-tropic heat which makes it vulnerable to the least icy breath. She eats too many starches, carbohydrates, and not enough vitamins A and D. She is terrified of draughts, drinks pints of strong tea and coffee, is never concerned with toxins. As soon as her latest cold is past, she tightens up her woollies and makes her body more cold-conscious and receptive than before. She spends the winter in a state of fear and fug either because she doesn't want to catch a cold or because she has caught one.

SHE GETS RID OF HER COLD AT ONCE . . .

. . . because she knows that germs multiply themselves within four hours, so she gargles in time to prevent this multiplying. She floods her body with liquids to get a thorough cleansing of the system, she takes opening medicine to clear out further toxins, and aspirin and hot drink at night in order to rid the body of further poisons by sweating. A hot bath, early to bed, a good night's rest and she has it under control in most instances. Next day, she will walk briskly in the fresh air. She keeps her feet cosy and dresses warmly, but not heavily. And she uses soft pieces of cotton or linen for handkerchiefs, washes them and rinses them in antiseptic the minute they are dirty, so that, despite handkerchief and tissue shortage, she is able to keep her pockets supplied with clean germ-free handkerchiefs. She takes all these steps the minute the cold stands on her doorstep and not after it has settled down for its duration.

Be A Chin-up

CHIN-UP girl has poise, alert cheerfulness, self-confidence without arrogance. The muscles of her face and neck are supported, the tiny nerve tendrils at the back of her neck are not strained, the little fleshy curve that shadows her chinline is controlled.

Her secret is that she holds her head well, keeping her shoulders down and back, and her ears over her shoulders. In this way the only conscious upward push is the crown of her head pushing upwards in order to keep her neck from sinking into her body. Thus it stays straight and young and strong. This push-up of the crown of the head, which is done as a posture exercise occasionally, keeps her chin up and in perfect posture at the same time.

The chin-up girl has many imitators.

They push their chins forward, on go ten years to their age, out comes the dowager's hump at the back. They tilt their chins upwards and wang go the nerves at the back of their necks; they may keep the double chin stretched to disappearing point, but there is no charm in their posture. (Chin and neck exercises on application.)

GLAMOROUS... *In Half An Hour*

IF you are one of the women who can get to London or one of the big provincial towns we can give you addresses of some salons specializing in individual mask treatments. If not, here are some excellent specialized home treatments for face and neck.

The vitamin mask home treatment consists of a bottle of Rosa Lotion, which is a facial shampoo that clears every vestige of dirt and grease from the skin, and a bottle of vitamin mask lotion.

Without any bleaching action it will make your skin fresher, fairer, and give it something of the translucence of a baby's skin; it will make sallow cheeks regain their normal colour; it will stimulate the circulation, remove waste matter, help pores function.

Before you start the half-hour beauty treatment, assemble everything. You will need two bowls of borax-softened water, one boiling (it will just be warm by the time you want to use it) and one icy; a wad of cotton wool, strips of butter muslin, eye lotion.

Clean face and neck with Rosa Lotion. Wipe dry. Apply the vitamin mask lotion with a piece of cotton wool, smooth it evenly over neck and face, leaving eyes free. Lie down, close your eyes and place prepared pads of cotton wool sprinkled with eye lotion over your eyes. Rest like this for ten minutes if you have a fine skin, fifteen minutes if you have a heavy, greasy skin. At first you will feel the tug of the mask, pulling contours back into shape, drawing up sagging lines and bulges, then your face will tingle as if it had experienced expert massage.

Remove the mask with cotton wool and warm water. Then place strips of butter muslin dipped in the icy water over your face, leaving eyes, nose and mouth free. Leave this on for five minutes, remove, dry your face.

This mask treatment is wonderful for all except the sensitive red-veined type.

The other mask is of a radio-active mud base and its properties are soothing, healing, rejuvenating and antiseptic. It is well known and popular and has been difficult to get for some time, but can now be ordered by post. Price 2s.

There are two or three simple masks that can be made at home from preparations bought at your local chemist. Fuller's earth, mixed with milk or peroxide and water fifty-fifty, until it is of a spreadable consistency, makes a good bleach mask, and is helpful for open pores.

A yeast pack helps a rough, pimply skin. Get a few ounces of yeast from the local baker, mix to a soft consistency with water and peroxide and apply evenly over a cleansed face; leave on for fifteen minutes. After removing, apply a mild skin tonic.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

SECRETS OF GOOD SOUP

CO-BELLIGERENT SOUP

The secret of a good soup is reduction.

Milk is extensively used in French soup making.

When water is prescribed don't use stock, for the whole flavour and character of the soup will alter.

Celery salt in the absence of celery makes a difference to many vegetable soups.

Never let a soup boil, always simmer.

To get perfect flavour, especially in meat soups, skimming must be thorough.

FOUNDATION BROTH

Take 4 scraped carrots, 3 peeled onions, ½ celery stick, 2 leeks, 1 small turnip, 2 potatoes, peeled and cut into quarters, 1 teaspoonful chopped herbs, and let them simmer for 2 hours in 4 pints of water. Strain off.

This may be used either as stock for other soups, as a vegetable consommé with the addition of 2 meat cubes and seasoning to taste, or turned into any vegetable cream by cooking the vegetable chosen in the stock, passing the former through a sieve and mixing it with the liquid.

A binding of 1 oz. margarine with 1 dessertspoonful of flour mixed slowly into the soup just before serving will improve the taste and consistency of the cream.

FRENCH ONION SOUP

Take 1 lb. onions and cut them into slices. Melt 3 oz. margarine in a large saucepan, add the onions, and stir with a wooden spoon. Next add a heaped dessertspoon of flour, distributing it over the onions as evenly as possible. Continue stirring carefully until it shows golden brown, then add 3½ pints water (hot), salt and pepper to taste, and leave it simmering fairly briskly for 15 minutes.

During this time lightly toast about ½ lb. stale bread cut in thin slices and pour the contents of the saucepan over them.

This quantity is sufficient for six persons. Serve grated cheese separately.

PEASANT SOUP

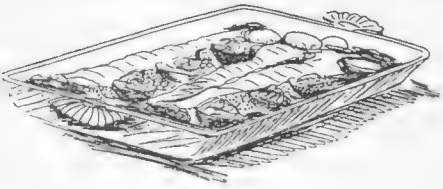
Using your foundation broth, add 4 medium-sized carrots cut in thick slices, 6 lettuce leaves, the same number of spinach leaves, ¼ lb. fat bacon (if still on the market), or if preferred 4 rashers of bacon, and cook until the carrots are tender, adding, 10 minutes before the end, 8 very small potatoes and ½ pint milk. Bind as indicated above and serve.

SOUBISE SOUP

Melt in a saucepan a piece of margarine the size of a large egg, and when at the foaming stage, put in 3 good-sized onions chopped finely. Let them soften without browning, add a pinch of salt, a cupful of water and 2 potatoes cut in pieces. Bring to the boil and simmer for 10 minutes; then add 4 cupfuls milk. When the onions and potatoes are cooked, remove them and squash through a sieve. Return the purée to the saucepan and let the soup reduce slowly for another ½ hour. See that it is well seasoned and serve with flat, thin croûtons previously spread with grated cheese and quickly browned under the grill.

CURRIED FISH SOUP

Skin, bone, and cut into small pieces 1 lb. fresh haddock or any similar fish. Boil the skin and bones briskly for about



Second Course

MUTTON RAGOUT

Cut the fat off as many mutton chops as you have; dice it and melt in a frying pan. Remove the pieces by straining into a clean pan, fry the chops in the fat until lightly browned on both sides, remove to a saucepan. In the same fat fry 1 cupful of diced carrots, 1 of sliced onions, and 1 of chopped celery heart. When the onions turn golden, add the vegetables to the chops with 2 cupfuls of peeled potatoes cut into pieces. Just cover with water or vegetable stock, bring to the boil, remove all scum, and let simmer for 1 hour. Add salt and pepper to taste and serve in a deep casserole or dish surrounded by sauté potatoes.

POTATO SURPRISE

Take 4 large potatoes, peel, cut in two lengthwise, and scoop out in a shallow dip. Fry lightly in lard on all sides, then arrange in a fire-proof dish and fill each half with any meat left-overs passed through the mincer and mixed with 1 large onion sliced and fried. Salt and pepper. Pour over the potatoes a sauce made with 1 onion fried in 2 oz. of lard mixed, when golden, with 2 tablespoonfuls of flour and 1 pint of vegetable stock. Stir until thick, season, and leave in a hot oven until the potatoes are soft.

EGG FRITTERS

Mix 4 dried eggs with milk instead of water, season with salt and pepper and mix in 2 tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs. Leave for a few minutes and then add either a dessertspoonful of chopped parsley and chives or the same quantity of grated cheese or, for a change, 2 teaspoonfuls of curry powder. Fry spoonfuls of the chosen mixture in bacon fat until golden brown on both sides.

This may be eaten either as a breakfast dish or as a savoury.

SALMON COQUILLES

Bind the contents of a tin of salmon with a little white sauce

POTATO SURPRISE

MAKING

½ hour, and brown the pieces of fish in 2 oz. margarine with a peeled apple cut into dice, a couple of onions, chopped, and a teaspoonful of mixed herbs. After 10 minutes add a quart of the fish stock, and leave to simmer for ½ hour. Next mix ½ oz. curry powder and 2 oz. flour with a little water, and stir into the soup. Reduce for a further 20 minutes, pour through a sieve, reheat, season with salt and pepper. Hot boiled rice should be handed separately.

CO-BELLIGERENT SOUP

Let simmer for 1 hour the bone, 2 carrots, 2 onions, a sprig of parsley, 4 potatoes, 1 leek, and the stalks of a cauliflower in 3 pints water. Strain and bring to the boil again with salt to taste, and drop in small balls of minced meat mixed with half its quantity of cooked rice, ½ chopped onion, 1 dessertspoonful dried egg to each ¼ lb. of the mixture, salt, pepper, and a little milk to moisten. Let simmer in the soup for 5 to 10 minutes before serving.

Some Interesting Garnishings

PANCAKE STRIPS Two pancakes rolled together, cut into ¼-in. strips and reheated in the soup before serving.

CHEESE DROPS Two tablespoons grated cheese mixed with 1 teaspoonful of creamed margarine, 1 dried egg, 1 dessertspoonful of flour and enough milk to produce a thick paste. Drop teaspoonfuls of the mixture into the hot soup and leave for 10 minutes.

LIVER DUMPLINGS Mix half a chopped onion stewed in a tablespoonful of fat with ¼ lb. liver minced with half a slice of bread soaked in milk and then squeezed dry. Add a reconstituted egg, a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper, and enough breadcrumbs to make a stiffish paste. Drop spoonfuls of this into the soup. When the dumplings rise to the surface they are ready.

flavoured with a dessertspoonful of paprika and 1 grated onion. Put the mixture into individual scallop shells, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, melted margarine, and dust lightly with cheese. Brown quickly in the oven or under the grill.

MUSSELS SAUTÉS

Clean the mussels well (2 pints for four people) in several waters and put them in a saucepan with a nut of margarine, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a glass of water, pepper, and a bouquet of mixed herbs and a clove of garlic (optional). Cook over a quick fire in a covered saucepan, shaking occasionally, for 5 minutes only. Remove the mussels, break off the empty half shell, pass the liquid through a fine sieve, and put the full half shells back in the saucepan with the strained sauce. Add a tablespoonful of white breadcrumbs mixed with chopped parsley, cook for 5 more minutes and serve.

BATTERED FILLETS

Make your batter with ½ cupful of flour, 1 reconstituted dried egg and ½ cupful of milk; add a pinch of salt.

Have ready the required number of fillets of fish, dip them in the batter and fry them on both sides in deep fat. Serve with Brussels Sprouts Vichy.

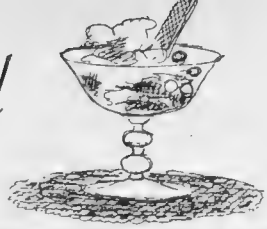
When the brussels are cooked, "sauté" them in a frying pan with 1 oz. of margarine. After 5 minutes add 1 dessertspoonful of flour, 2 of grated cheese and 1 cupful of milk. Stir until boiling point is reached and add salt to taste.

RUSSIAN BEEF

Cut 8 thin pieces about 2 in. long off your joint of beef; cook them in margarine at the foaming stage (this is a question of about 1 minute only). Having removed the beef, and seasoned it, cook in the same fat 1 onion and 1 shallot, finely chopped. When they begin to brown, add a cupful of vinegar and water (a tablespoonful of vinegar) and let reduce for 10 minutes; then put in ½ cupful of milk, 2 drops of lemon essence, a teaspoonful of paprika and a tablespoonful of tomato purée if available. Bring to the boil and let it thicken. Season highly, and pour over the pieces of beef.

By Harriet Muir

Third Course



CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ

Put ¼ lb. of sweetened chocolate powder into a bowl and mix with ½ pint of milk. Bring to the boil, stirring continuously, then remove from the fire and add a nut of margarine, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla essence and 3 dried eggs reconstituted with milk and well beaten up. Place in a soufflé dish and leave in a medium oven for 30 to 35 minutes.

FRENCH COFFEE CUPS

Reconstitute 4 eggs with milk instead of water and beat well with 4 oz. of sugar. Add 1 pint of hot milk and coffee essence to taste. Pass through a sieve and fill individual moulds or cups. Stand them in a deep fire-proof dish full of boiling water and leave in a medium oven for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

NOVELTY PANCAKES

Make some pancakes and let them stand for ½ hour before using. Fill each with the following: Peel, core, and cut into thin slices 2 lb. of eating apples. Let them soak in 1 oz. of margarine. After 5 minutes add 1 gill of water, a few drops of orange essence, 2 dessertspoonfuls of jam. When reduced to a pulp, fill the pancakes, roll them up, arrange in a dish, sprinkle with sugar, and reheat for a few seconds under the grill.

Stepmother Love

NO child, presented to her stepmother for the first time, could have been more panic-stricken than I was at meeting the little girl who was to become my stepdaughter.

She was six, but she must have heard much less of the iniquitous characteristics of stepmothers than I had done because of the two of us she was far the more self-possessed, and her conversational opening showed an inquiring intellect that did nothing to increase my self-confidence. "I don't see how marrying daddy makes you my mother," she stated, which so exactly expressed my own sentiments that I was at a loss, for a few moments, to reply.

I recovered myself in time to observe that I hoped before long she would like me well enough to think of me as her mother, which pious hope she accepted with interest but without comment.

I had thought a great deal about the matter before I consented to marry a man with a child. I wanted to be sure, first, that his affection for me was something more than a mere anxiety to provide a home and mothering for his orphaned child.

Having reassured myself on this score I had to ask myself if I could accept the responsibility of a child and be sure of her happiness as well as her father's and my own.

I have a real affection for children and I wanted to make my stepdaughter happy because, through her I could bring happiness to her father. So I accepted the challenge.

I need not have worried about my reception because the child had a perfectly open mind about me. She had lost her mother when she was three, and I was merely another person to look after her, probably with different notions of routine which would be tiresome, but she was used to that.

She was cold as children are apt to be who have never known the tenderness and security of a mother's love.

Far from having an affectionate and eager little creature to win, I had a polite but distant one, disciplined in the sense of personal routine, but a stranger to self-discipline in any form.

I knew that I could exercise very little influence upon her until I had won her affection, which wasn't easy because, unused as she was to tenderness, she appeared independent of affection.

It called for patience and loyalty to get through the months of learning to understand and love my stepdaughter.

I realized that she was spoiled and needed correction but I was afraid to punish her when she was naughty—as she often was—because I saw myself as the harsh, intolerant stepmother; too ready to punish and too unready to love. In my anxiety to be fair to Angela I was, in fact, unfair to myself.

At first, in the presence of my husband's family, I was over-indulgent with the child in case they should be watching for the "wicked stepmother." My stepdaughter sensed my weakness, and chose these occasions to stage a scene. This was shattering and increased my conviction that I was a failure.

In the first months of my marriage there were many black moments when Angela was recalcitrant and I was discouraged. The more so because I would not discuss my difficulties or her shortcomings with her father. I was afraid he would think me biased. The stepmother bogy loomed at me again.

But time brought its own solution, because Angela softened under the influence of patient affection and a happy home life, and as I sensed her increasing confidence in me my own inhibitions dissolved, and a real comradeship developed between us.

Later, I ceased to remember that she was not my own. If it was necessary to punish her I did so without thinking if I was entitled to, but only if it was just. If I denied her something, I did so without misgiving because it was best for her. I made a point of praising her more often than if she had been my own, but there lingered a thought that she merited some compensation for the lack of her own mother.

I am expecting our trio to become a quartet very soon, and I anticipate no difficulties on that account. Angela is not my own child, but she is the product of my own upbringing and of a personal struggle which has left a favourable imprint upon my own character. So in that sense we belong to each other and always will.

A. C.

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Magdalene (*Continued from page* 12)

he retorted. "When can I get up and sample it?"

"I'm sorry, Jim." She bent down and kissed him lightly on the forehead.

"Don't—for God's sake, don't!" he muttered. "Can't you realize——"

When he looked up she had gone.

A FORTNIGHT later he was allowed out of bed a few hours each day; and the realization of his limitations deepened the brooding welter of his mind. He accepted the sister's help with distant condescension, and became, despite himself, more aloof from the other patients.

Winter turned to spring, to summer, to autumn. The stilled quiescence of sleeping earth stirred into renewed life and fecundity, matured into massed beauty, then withered and slept. But Jim, unable to solve his conflicts, could not sunder the dark barrier shrouding his future. He resented the endless platitudes; he doubted sincerity; he recoiled from the thought of home, knowing he would bring sorrow to his mother, and vexatious frustration to his father.

"Jim," Sister Venessa said to him one day, "why can't you be different? You've got ability. You can start again. You're not the hopeless cripple you think."

"You don't understand," he said. "Even I don't understand. You kissed me once. Do you remember? But I couldn't stand a kiss of pity."

"I don't pity you; I want to admire you."

"So do I," he flung back, and seeing the tears in her eyes, relented. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I can't help myself. You've done so much for me; but my mind's sick. Forgive me, won't you? I'd better try and find some girl—the Diana I once met."

She raised her hands as though to shield her face. "Jim—what are you saying? You can't associate with any one."

He receded into his own world. "Sister Venessa, you jump to amazing conclusions."

ON discharge he was still unable to face his home. He had saved enough money to be independent for a few months, and he took a room in London. Perhaps the life and movement, the round of theatres and cinemas would help to banish his torturing inferiority. But he found that he was mainly concerned with avoiding others.

Whenever he saw an acquaintance, he would turn and gaze at a shop window, or increase his pace and make for the nearest side street, the clumsiness of his crutches a perpetual reminder of his disability. Then, one day, he caught sight of his commanding officer, his arm linked in his wife's. She touched his three ribbons; and the sudden smile of adoration on her face hit him like a blow.

In blind despair he turned up a side street. The next moment the impact of a woman's body sent one of his crutches flying.

"I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed, throwing out an arm to support him. "Are you all right? You look pretty browned off. I suppose you've collected a packet, and been invalided. Better come and have a drink."

Her words touched a chord of memory. "My fault entirely. What's your name?" He recovered himself. "I beg your pardon—that's sheer impertinence. Yes; I'm invalided, right enough."

"What's my name? I'll tell you over a drink."

He gave her another glance. Dark hair and large grey eyes. "I've seen you before, somewhere," he said. "A drink? That's a good idea. You look wizard. Isn't your name Diana?"

"You've a good memory, or you're making a lucky shot," she acknowledged. "Yes; I'm Diana—but not of Ephesus."

"The last thing I want is a good memory."

"That sounds bad. Come and talk it over. I've digs a few minutes away. No; I'm not going to take your arm. You won't like it."

He looked at her again. Her natural candour, the easy grace of her body, the responsiveness to his mood lit a spark of feeling. "Thanks awfully. I'd love to."

"Make yourself comfortable," she said a few minutes later, closing the door. "Don't stand on ceremony. I'll be with you soon. What's your name, by the way?"

"Jim Barton."

She stiffened; her eyes opened wide. Then she moved to the door. "Flying, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"What you want, Jim, after a stiff drink, is someone to listen, then a good round meal."

He looked round the room, furnished in quiet taste. A feeling of peace stole over him. For the first time his need seemed fully understood. As she re-entered, he noticed again her dark hair, the grey eyes, her pale, smooth skin. His conviction grew. "Yes; I've met you before. You must have made an impression, because I remembered you when coming out of the anæsthetic. About two years ago, I think. Didn't you offer me a drink? Is that a habit?"

"Only when I'm really unhappy."

"Are you unhappy now?"

"No; the exception to the rule."

"You've offered me much more—understanding."

"All brought about by a collision! What were you running away from?"

"How do you know?"

"I was right then."

"From my former life."

"Shall I call you Jim?"

"Do, Diana."

"What's it to be? Gin? Whisky?"

"Gin."

"Tell me about yourself," she said.

When he had finished, she sat staring into space. "D'you feel better? Has the telling helped? I know what you're up against, because I've been through it myself in a different way."

"You—how? I don't understand."

She ran her hand through his hair. "You're still young; but don't you know what I am?"

"I only know you're very human, and that you've got a marvellous imagination. You're giving me new hope."

"Am I? Sinners often feel more than saints, and know more. Feeling rules the world, Jim. And the world is mainly ourselves—how we see and mould it."

He gripped her hands. "Tell me about yourself."

She drew back a little, as though a breath of cold air had touched her. "Myself? Oh, it's of no interest."

"It is. I don't care what you've been; but I care a lot what you now are."

Her eyes held him. "Jim, you're making tremendous progress. You're reviving the present, burying the past, and letting the future create itself."

"I'm beginning to live again. Do tell me about yourself, Diana."

"Oh, I just got in a jamb. None of my family understood, so I left and took to earning my own living. It wasn't easy. Often it was impossible. Eventually I was forced into the usual liaison. But he treated me well. He was killed a year ago. . . . I learnt from him that to succeed, as the world calls success, one must become insensitive to others—actually the secret of all failure. There—that's all."

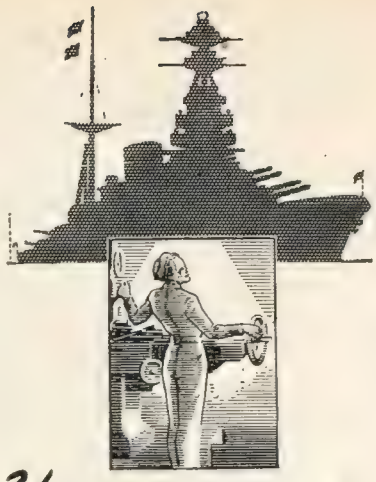
"I had a brother who was killed a year ago," he said. "You must have been through the mill. But it's made you. And I think you'll make me. You know, you're really awfully like the sister who nursed me in hospital—but so different."

She averted her face, then poured him another drink. "Am I? Is that good or bad? Most nurses have to be insensitive to others to remain sane, let alone succeed."

"You're contradicting your words now."

She smiled. "Remember the exceptions to every rule, Jim. Nurses who enter into the lives of their patients are angels. Even in heaven they are numbered."

"Well, I've met an angel of heaven," he said; "and I very much want to meet her again and again." (*Continued on page* 52)



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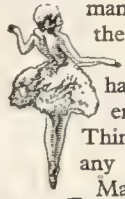

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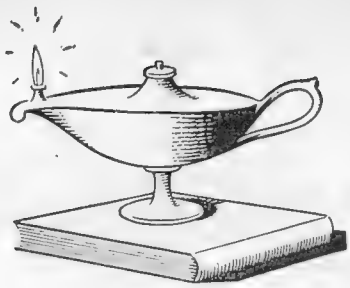

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There was no look of compassion on her face. Instead, it seemed irradiated by an inner glow. "I'm going to give you a meal now," she announced.

An hour later he rose to go. "May I come to-morrow, after I've been to the hospital to have my leg fitted? Promise you'll let me."

"I'm not sure."

His face went ashen. "Why? I must. It's the beginning of a new life. It's the story of Bethlehem again. Don't spoil it, Diana."

She moved to him, placing her hands on his shoulders. "I won't. Of course not. Robert Barton nearly broke my heart, but I recovered. I loved him for all his ways——"

"Oh, my God!" he muttered. "Robert—I didn't know it was you——"

"You're very different from Robert," she murmured. "At least, I think so. Of course you must come to-morrow."

He bent down and kissed her, and she held his head in her hands. "By the way," she said, "when you see Venessa at the hospital tell her you've met her sister—Magdalene."

END

The Soldiers' Vote

(*Continued from page* 13)

because it had a portrait of Roosevelt for its frontispiece. That desperate attempt to prevent the U.S. Forces from *thinking* was so ridiculous that it was laughed out of court in the U.S.A. And the bans are, supposedly, removed. But there is no use trying to dodge the fact that the attempt—to keep books of current importance away from the soldiers—was actually made.

Now, the British soldier returning to his home town or county does not enter back into the same strong, often violent, local prejudices and beliefs that prevail over almost all sections in the U.S.A. You have no such absurd tradition as that which influences the votes in the American Middle West—where the farmers invariably support the Republican Party and thus back the very party that is the champion of Big Business, high tariffs, high prices for industrial and low prices for agricultural products. Your shipbuilding, textile, coal and steel workers vote, as a general rule, with mass national workers' prejudices, or desires, and not just by sections. And I should imagine that the percentage of "safe seats" in the British Parliament does not come anywhere near the safe ones for the diehard Democratic Senators in our American "Sunny South," or, in other parts of the country, where the Democratic or Republican Party machines have had almost an historic command over the votes based on nothing more valid than the long-continued regional traditions.

Finally, as they must come from the actual district which they are elected to represent, every U.S. Senator or Representative must be, by force of circumstance, a *personality* inside that community. You do not have this state of affairs, or, when you do, it is only in rare cases.

The British man or woman in uniform, therefore, has fewer of the obstacles of regional prejudice or tradition to bar the road to a unified vote from the fighting services. But, then, two questions must be asked—and answered. Who is to mobilize and lead this Soldiers' Vote?—if there is ever such a thing. And what do the soldiers want?

BOTH of these questions will take some answering. Students of the theory of politics will tell you that the political parties, and their representatives, are in reality nothing else than *brokers* of public opinion. More realistic observers will add that the political parties don't *broke* any body of people's opinions, they make them. The latter is nearer the real truth; for it is impossible to deny the force of political propaganda daily sent out from all political party headquarters, even in non-election times. You never know when your opinion isn't being cut to pattern for you. And a man who took literally what any candidate declared to be his intentions in his election speeches deserves to be congratulated upon his credulity. If you reason along these lines, you will begin to see that there are not, as yet, any *personalities* now standing up above the level of the great mass of people in uniform who can be said in any degree to represent the feelings of those same people in uniform.

Furthermore, what is it that the soldiers have learned, while on active service, or even while at work at home, or, to put it in an easier form: What desires have they acquired which they will try to get fulfilled by the specific use of their vote? Practically none, I would say, other than the conventional, general, demand that they must be given a chance to live a decent life and the means to make a decent secure living. But that is not new. Any one who can remember the long talks that we had while we were waiting at some camp to be demobilized after the last war will also remember that there was never any real common denominator among the widely different things that all of us wanted; i.e. the lives that we wanted to be allowed to live—after we got into civvies again.

Is there then, no hope whatever for this Soldiers' Vote that there has been so much talk about? I would answer: None.

No single man up to date has appeared who could possibly be labelled as a big national leader of the British Labour Party. In the Conservatives we can with great reason ask: After Churchill—who? The answer will be a chorus, even a fight; but it will not be one single name which has, as yet, caught the country's imagination as being a great leader. Is this a lack of big personalities? Or are the problems too big?

I think it is much more the former than the latter. And I also think that that is what accounts for the undeniable gloom in many quarters which have devoted the last four war years to the study of national politics and problems, with the hope that they might be able to put together some programme of hope for the post-war future. More than that, even now the penny dailies are beginning to print cartoons showing a coming war between British and United States business interests in the post-war world. Whereas deeper students of that situation know that behind the scenes there is not such disagreement; there is, in all truth, too much *agreement*—I speak of the immense international financial groups, cartels, combines, call them what you like, that are already well on with their plans to monopolize and distribute (to themselves) the world's markets.

Nothing less than a profound advance in the knowledge of every individual voter will ever change this situation. It is utter nonsense to believe that the average citizen ever casts his vote other than as a proxy, putting it into the hands of one or the other of the political parties that are contesting at the polls. It is even more unintelligent to believe that your M.P. will, on the average, have any say *himself* as to what he will do with your vote—the very thing which, by its preponderance, got him his seat. He must obey the dictates of the Party Whip.

Now, to point out the final conclusion of this argument, as to why there will never be a Soldiers' Vote: What "interests" have arisen from inside the uniformed forces which can be compared with the influence of London City, or the F.B.I., or the Trades Union Congress? Put beside these the existence of the Central Offices of the Conservative, Liberal and Labour Parties. You will at once see that there is no tangible force whatever resident in the hearts or the brains of the millions of people in uniform which can be even identified as a force comparable to any one of the other fixed institutions that I have named above.

There may be mass movements among the people in uniform, or just out of it—but there won't be one concerted, conscious, unified vote. And it has still to be proved whether the five years of war will or will not make it a more intelligent vote.

END

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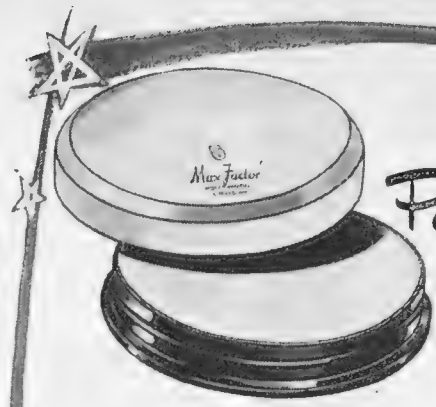

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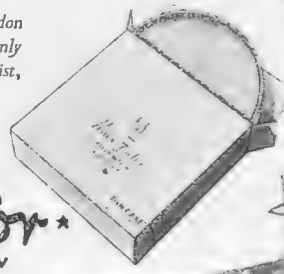

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Science Will Rid The World Of War

(*Continued from page* 15)

not be tolerated by neutrals. War will have nothing to offer but poverty and police supervision to any would-be belligerents.

An international police force, with a definite duty to interfere in any serious dispute, is likely to be an immediate outcome of the present war. It will act first, by the imposition of sanctions, and then, if necessary, by force, and will be supported by all the wealth and power that science has to offer.

It will be sponsored by the great countries of the world, and contributed to by all the nations. All its dealings will be made public, and it will not be given the chance of acquiring a "nationality" of its own. It will be as impersonal—and as international—as science itself.

It was once thought that a nation could only become really wealthy by preying upon, and impoverishing, its neighbours. The science of economics now teaches that the health and wealth of every nation depend, in the long run, directly upon the health of its neighbours.

Science is knowledge of the universe in which we live—knowledge of the facts and knowledge of the laws. Its findings are not opinions, they are the dictates of necessity. And science is to-day putting into the category of cold, indisputable fact what wise men have known by instinct from the beginning of history—that is, that the soundest principle of action, for the selfish no less than for the unselfish, is "Love thy neighbour as thyself."

We have enough science now to inaugurate the age of peace and plenty to-morrow, as far as material problems are concerned. Scientific control could not only enforce peace but remove all the causes of economic and patriotic war, and a four-hour working day at four times the present working wage is already possible for everybody. And, the universe being what it is, science must have its way in the end.

END

The Wide Open Spaces

(*Continued from page* 16)

would continue much as before, but spoliation in any way would be prevented.

The regions would also be thrown open to the public, and there would be facilities for visitors. The parks would be rendered easily accessible by good motor roads, but in the actual areas the chief provision would be for ramblers, cyclists, and campers. Footpaths would be public rights of way, and the moorlands, from many of which the rambler has hitherto been debarred, would be similarly made public.

The English Lake District is the region most widely favoured as the first national park in Great Britain. Its 700 square miles include a very wide variety of scenery and opportunities for outdoor recreation. A considerable part of the district is already safeguarded, too, as a result of the activities of the National Trust and the Friends of the Lake District.

The Peak District of Derbyshire has enthusiastic support for its claim to be made a second national park. There is a Joint Committee, representing such bodies as the Council for the Preservation of Rural England and the Youth Hostels Association, for the purpose of promoting the idea.

The appeal of the Peak District, as in the case of Lakeland, lies largely in its wide variety of unspoiled scenery—its breezy hilltops, its thickly wooded valleys, peerless dales, wild moorlands, mountain streams, famous rivers, mysterious caverns, old manor houses, and stately mansions such as Haddon and Chatsworth.

Lancashire, which is often and quite erroneously regarded as a completely industrialized county, will have a national playground if another project comes to fruition, and a further scheme is to establish a national park in the higher Yorkshire dales.

The Lancashire district concerned is the Forest of Bowland, a 200-square-miles region that was formerly a royal chase, and which has retained its rural character. To-day, though not a thickly wooded district, it consists of wide fells, wooded ravines, quiet hamlets, and isolated farmsteads. The highway which traverses Bowland, linking Lancaster with Clitheroe, is a gated road and it touches nothing bigger than a moderate-sized village throughout its twenty miles.

Snowdonia, Wales, is a further district listed for consideration as a national park. The Yorkshire dales scheme embraces the higher reaches of Airedale, Wharfedale, Nidderdale, and Swaledale, with their many beauty spots and nearby historic treasures—such as old-world Richmond, Bolton Castle where Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner, and Easby Abbey.

Gateways to these dales are Darlington (from the north-east) and Skipton from the West Riding. From Lancashire, the market town of Settle gives entry to the proposed national park. Whernside, Ingleborough and Penyghent are all within the projected retreat; so also is Bolton Abbey, in its sylvan setting beside the Wharfe.

If national parks are shortly established in Britain as a part of the post-war reconstruction, the balance sheet of the war will have at least one important item on the credit side of the account.

END

Have Birds A Sixth Sense?

(*Continued from page* 25)

the day's work is done, maybe a decision made in order that the unfinished work may settle before more material is added to it.

Skill in nest construction is not, perhaps, so remarkable when compared with the well-designed dwelling places of some small animals and insects. What is more startling is the evidence birds often show of some strange system of signalling unknown to us. Place crumbs outside the back door and immediately things begin to happen. First come the sparrows. Then in the hard season when food is scarce come all kinds of big and little birds. I have tossed food to the sparrows and found redbreast, song- and mistle-thrush, blackbirds, starlings, great-tit, chaffinches, even rooks, appearing on the scene within a few seconds. Then with the meal barely over, there has been a sudden dispersal as a magpie arrived. Now all these birds were not in my garden when the crumbs were thrown out. Yet in less than two minutes there would be thirty or more birds there. What made them come? In what mysterious way did they discover that there was food to be had?

I have never failed to admire the discipline shown by flocks of starlings. Sometimes I have seen fifty or a hundred of them settle in a tree where they set up their harsh chatter. Then suddenly as one bird, the whole flight takes to the air, all bent on some special destination. Never have I been able to detect the means by which the birds are commanded to move.

How are these feats performed? Do birds utter sounds of a tone unheard by the human ear? Or have they fifth and sixth senses about which we remain in ignorance?

END

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Old Tales Re-told (*Continued from page 24*)

proportion of the people, but in so doing he only antagonized further the priests of the old religion and the so-called wizards who were loth to relinquish their power and wealth. When the High Priest Rand saw the temples despoiled and the sacred images of Odin burned, he vowed to avenge the outrage in a fitting way.

At this time Queen Gayda was expecting a child and Olaf had taken a beautiful house at Late, near Drontheim, for her retirement.

Accompanied by Astrid, the Queen went to her new residence while Olaf went north to continue his campaign against the idols, leaving his old friend, Riki, to guard and protect his family.

The High Priest Rand, having deployed his sorcerers to watch the movements of the royal party, took advantage of the opportunity in a dastardly way. With the connivance of his colleague, Eyvind, he perpetrated a deed of black horror.

A stream ran near the big wooden house in which the Queen was staying, babbling noisily. The night was still and dark. Every one had gone to bed, having noticed nothing unusual. Yet sinister shadows had crept round the building, some of which formed into groups at every entrance, while others placed mysterious bundles along the walls. Suddenly fire broke out in a dozen places at once, before those within had any notion of what was happening. Piercing screams came from terrified servants; some of the servants tried to escape half naked, but were forced back by the smoke and flames. Riki, sword in hand, rushed at once to the Queen's chamber where a distressing scene was revealed by the lurid light of the fire. Gayda, in the stress of the moment, had given birth to her child, while Astrid shrieked hysterically for help.

There was not a moment to lose. Riki ordered four men to take up the corners of the mattress, with the Queen just as she was, and follow him out of the building. They found the door barred by a number of men with spears. Trying another they found that one barred even more fiercely, and so returned to the first to make a fight for it. Many of the murderers fell under the desperate blows of Riki and his men, but always more replaced them and continually threw in fresh bundles of burning wood impregnated with oil. The struggle increased in desperation until suddenly, like a hellish avalanche, the roof collapsed on top of them.

When Olaf, maddened with grief, rushed to the spot and searched among the ashes, he was unable to identify any of the charred bodies. Only one, still grasping a sword, resembled Riki, the brave and faithful Riki, whom he had loved like a brother.

Pestilence had robbed Olaf of his first wife, human iniquity of his second. But this time he could take vengeance. It was clear from which direction the blow had been struck, and the chief conspirators could not be far away. Rand and Eyvind had been seen leaving the scene of the crime, though they went in opposite directions. Olaf and Thorkill followed up the clues. After eight days Olaf captured Eyvind and some of his fellow wizards on Kormt Island. They were tied to a rock at low tide and left there to watch the level of the water creeping up and up until at last it reached their mouths and nostrils and finally submerged them.

Meanwhile Thorkill too had found his quarry and was besieging him in the Salter Fiord when Olaf arrived. Rand was dragged from his hiding place and confessed his crime. A terrible punishment was meted out to him. He was forced to swallow a live snake, and died after dreadful agony.

Olaf then issued an edict condemning to death every sorcerer and warlock. Authority was given to any one in the kingdom to execute them. His thirst for revenge made him impose the new religion still more drastically.

In order to divert him from his brooding state of mind his friends suggested that he should marry again. At last he agreed. But it seemed that fate, which had given him so much, could not give him the happiness of an enduring union. Two more marriages came to an untimely end, while the fifth was destined to bring him to final destruction.

His bride was the Christian Princess Thyri. She had been promised to Burislav, King of Wendland, and sent there with a rich dowry. But, disappointed by his age and looks, she ran away to Norway to appeal for Olaf's protection. In time, he married her.

Olaf was quite willing to renounce the dowry, but she insisted that he should go and retrieve it from Burislav and made so much fuss about it that at last he consented. He set out in great style on board an enormous ship which he had built, called *The Long Serpent*, and presented himself in a friendly spirit at the palace of Burislav. He was received in apparently the same way, but in actual fact he had fallen into a trap prepared by Burislav and the scheming Swedes and Danes. Aboard his ship Olaf was assaulted on every side. Caught unawares, he fought like a lion, and when he saw that all was lost he plunged headlong into the sea from which he never emerged. So the element that had made his fortune and his glory claimed in the end the hero himself, giving him eternal peace in its green and silent profundity.

END

The Burning Question (*Continued from page 20*)

and will be marked by courtesy and restraint." The difficulty is that troops reckon promenading with local girls to be an essential while authority emphatically does not. Or, anyway, did not. Any British soldier seen walking with a German woman was at once arrested, and the same if found in feminine company in a café. In the result, the military police had their work cut out. Taxicabs would career by, full of Tommies and German girls, and whistles would blow. Yet the Red Caps could not be everywhere. What usually transpired was that a man would wink and then turn down a side street to talk things over in the new lingua franca of the Rhine.

Discipline began to be affected and accordingly authority had a typical English idea. Put briefly, it was: "Not in public, if you don't mind!" The troops could "consort," as the term went, behind closed doors. But not in café or dance hall or anywhere at all in public, and that went on for eighteen months. Then, by another mystifying twist, at the coming of official peace, the ban was quietly lifted and officers and men could, if they chose, appear unobtrusively in ex-enemy company.

Rarely did they desire the company of German men, save a sprinkling of the politically and intellectually minded. Beg as the Germans would, they were not allowed to play any games with our men. But it was a different matter with Fräulein, as the marriage figures progressively showed. I believe there were 700 marriages altogether and for some reason I never was able to fathom, newlyweds were always sent straight back to Britain.

Is anything to be learnt from how others treated the same burning question? Let us have a look at the French, who all have a bit of Charles Boyer in them, relative to *la sexe faible*.

Foch issued a general order that there was to be no association between Allied soldiers and German civilians. His object was exclusively the military one of fending off what chance might exist of the troops becoming "easy" through listening to insidious German talk and argument. The French Rhineland Command read this to mean that the *poilus* were to be kept clear of German propaganda in cunning form. But if the *poilus* wanted to go dancing and love-making with German girls (*Continued on page 58*)

Eggs are plentiful

Thanks to dried eggs, you can **have at least three nourishing egg dishes every week.** Small children can have more, for holders of green ration books get a double ration — two packets of dried eggs each month. Remember, dried eggs are easy to *get*, easy to *cook* and easy on the purse as well.

What do YOU make with your allowance of Dried Eggs?

If you are four grown-ups in family your allowance of dried egg is one whole packet a week — more if the four include a child under 6. What a lot of appetising and nourishing dishes for four hungry mouths you can make out of 12 dried eggs (one packet)! Let's see how it goes:

MONDAY: Scrambled eggs for a quick, substantial breakfast; that takes 4.
WEDNESDAY: Egg and bacon pie for dinner; that's another 2.
FRIDAY: Omelette for supper; for four people, allow 5 dried eggs.
SUNDAY: Let's have a nice eggy cake for tea; that's the last in the packet.

And remember; whether you use dried eggs in sweet or savoury dishes, the nourishment's the same: food that builds and repairs tissue, with vitamins for health into the bargain.

After mixing the eggs (1 level tablespoon of egg plus 2 tablespoons of water equals one shell egg) use at once. Don't mix more than you need. Use in recipes exactly as shell eggs, beating as usual before adding to other ingredients.

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Ah, and speaking of books, always carry a mental picture of my 'cosy corner' for reading . . . my leather chair, my slippers — and my TERRY ANGLEPOISE LAMP. That lamp was made for bookworms like me, and when you get me in that corner with that combination — chair, slippers, book and ANGLEPOISE — you'll never get me out of it again.
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they could do so to the limit of their purses.

When the underground in the rest of Germany began to exercise pressure, women's heads were shaved for so consorting, and eventually this fell away because the Allies' currency pulled such little weight against the fraudulently recovered mark. Another blow to "fratting" was a "no association" order issued by the Germans, with very uncomfortable penalties attached. But such matters were outside this survey which turns on what *we* intend doing about "fratting."

Follow the Americans? I wonder if even the Americans themselves will repeat the *razzias* of Coblenz with poor Buddy routed out of a love nest and yanked off in one direction and little consorting Mitzi in another. The Americans enforced the ban on German women in public or in private with all the zeal of Tenth Avenue cops. Pershing read Foch's order as implying "no intimate association" and even conversation was rigidly forbidden with German men, women, or infants in arms. I recall the case of an officer who was run in for being found listening to Beethoven in a German family circle though he could not talk German nor they English.

So Buddy was hemmed in by blondes—right in the Lorelei country too—and not a doggone one could he *sprechen* to or *spazier* with! Not even in the billet or in a Heinie home.

So what happens? Tricks, of course. A favourite one was to get a U.S. nurse's or a welfare worker's uniform, give it to a Fräulein, and then escort the latter round the town. Another game was for Buddy to hire civvies. And when it became known that the military cops recognized German women by their poor stockings and shoes, Buddy sent to Paris for the genuine articles. He'd carry a pair of French shoes and stockings around with him all ready for eventualities.

That many offered, is endorsed by the following German calculation:—

"Given that an American division of 5,000 in three years produced 1,851 illegitimate children, and that three French corps (80,000 men) in twelve years produced 767 natural children, one is permitted to conjecture what progeny 80,000 Americans would have left had they remained for twelve years. The figure works out at 263,000."

If my premise be accepted, that fraternization under an occupation is very predominantly traceable to the feminine factor, the best remedies among a whole series of counter-distractions which cannot here be gone into, are to facilitate leave out of Germany and to facilitate visits to Germany of relatives and friends, feminine gender, of the Forces stationed there, in addition to maintaining maximum representation of women members of the Forces in the occupying army.

Mount Athos stuff is the way to compromise an occupation at the behest of our life-dodging moral improvers.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

A common fault is the "telephone elbow," which is as rough as sandpaper and may be red as well. The Barrier Cream mentioned for hands is also excellent for "telephone elbow," as it leaves a protective film. Fading sunburn can leave the arms and neck looking very shabby at this time of year, and a weekly face-pack is useful to bleach the worn-out tan. I know of one good bleach mask which costs 1s. a packet and a yeast pack at 7d. a packet. You pour the contents into a saucer and mix with warm water until you have a smooth cream. You can give yourself a proper salon treatment at home by washing the arms and neck with really hot water and your best complexion soap, rinse quickly, dry thoroughly, smooth on the mask cream in an even film and leave on ten minutes. The mask is then removed with tepid water, the skin dried thoroughly, and, to get a perfect finish, you need a little of the Peach and Almond Lotion, which should be smoothed in with the finger-tips from wrist to elbow, elbow to shoulder, and over the neck in downward strokes.

To cure red pimply patches on the arms the best thing is pure lanolin rubbed in thoroughly and firmly for two or three minutes last thing each night. You will find the skin absorbs the lanolin better after a soap and water wash, and the water should be really hot.

There was a time when deodorants were very hard to come by. Now, however, you can get most of the well-known makes. The Odorono Liquid is 7½d. and 1s. 11d., and the Cream, which is very pleasant to use, is 1s. 11d. a jar. Mum is 1s. 10d., and it's a pity that more Englishmen have not taken the American man's habit of using this preparation. Oatine Liquid, which is a strong deodorant, costs 1s. 6d. a bottle. And here is a very simple home-made tip for underarm freshness. Take a little powdered bicarbonate of soda on the finger-tips and rub it in gently under the arms. To streamline arms try these two exercises. Get a hand towel, fold lengthwise until it resembles a wringer, hold this in your hands behind your back as far out from your body as possible, and then pretend that your wringer is wet and you are trying to wring every drop of water out of it. Do this three times. Stand erect, heels together, head up, shoulders back. Raise arms to shoulder level, palms upwards, touch shoulders with finger-tips, then raise hands as far above the head as possible, bring the tips of the fingers back to shoulders, swing hands out again until the arms are quite straight. Repeat.

END

Peggy Sage regrets

. . . that she can no longer make or sell her famous nail polishes, because many of their ingredients are needed for sterner tasks. When the war is won, Peggy Sage polishes will, of course, be once more available. In the meantime there are limited supplies of Peggy Sage

Paste Polish * Cuticle Remover * Cuticle Oil
Cuticle Cream * Gardenia Liquid Hand Cream
Hand Smoother and Softener * Hand Mask
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and the Salon remains open to solve the war-time manicure problems of its many clients.

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NEW YORK : 50 EAST 57TH STREET

Famed In Song And Story

(*Continued from page* 42)

of its erection leave much to be desired. It seems that when, 250 years ago, Miss Redmayne, the village benefactress, wished to build a bridge at this place and asked local farmers to share the cost with her, she met with blunt refusal. She proceeded with the bridge at her own expense, however, but had it so made—wide at both ends, very narrow in the middle—that the niggardly farmers could never use it for their carts!

Linton has a clapper bridge near by and, down by the mill and church, an arched structure of exquisite but simple design, known as Little Emily's Bridge. The person thus commemorated is the Emily Norton of Wordsworth's poem, "The White Doe of Rylstone"; it is said that she crossed this bridge daily after making her home with the Linton miller and his wife when her own father and brothers had lost everything in the rising of the north.

It is grand to stumble upon Brontë Bridge, at Sladen Beck, after roaming the moors around Wuthering Heights, above Haworth and Stanbury in West Yorkshire. Once again, the design is quite simple—two rough, unmortared piers surmounted by a flagged path. Nothing more. But what symmetry is achieved! This was a favourite resort of the Brontë sisters; some of Emily's poems and parts of *Jane Eyre* may have been written in sight of it.

Charlotte and Anne Brontë brought one of England's finest "bridge" villages into their novels. Both *Jane Eyre* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* refer to Wycollar, a tiny place not far from the scene of *Wuthering Heights*, but over the boundary into Lancashire.

Wayfarers may sing their praises of Greta Bridge, near Richmond, which Cotman and Turner painted, or rhapsodize (deservedly) about that mighty arch at Barden, near Bolton Abbey, but is there anything to match the close succession of fine old bridges which is the proud boast of Wycollar!

END

A Harella model in boucle. From all good fashion stores. Or, if in any difficulty write to L. Harris Limited (wholesale showrooms), 243 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Put your best face forward . . .

The loveliest women are those who look as though their beauty has no need of art. And because that natural look is Yardley's special triumph, you can be pretty sure that many beautiful faces you see owe more than a little to Yardley beauty-aids.

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Off The Map (*Continued from page* 19)

not," said Miranda. "I mean it in deadly earnest. They're very systematic cannibals, too." She laughed the silvery laugh that had thrilled so many audiences from New York to London and Paris. "Very systematic, and very sensible. They eat each other at the age of forty. That's why, as you may have noticed, there are no elderly people here, except the chief, and no invalids. There's no overcrowding, and every one's young and gay. It's an admirable system. I support it. Of course I shut myself up in the temple till it's all over, and they've had a good dance and a good drink, and slept it off and got down to normal routine again."

"But they wouldn't eat a white man?" Pemberton-Lennox grasped at a straw.

"I don't see why not. They've done it before. A little missionary who arrived in a canoe with a lot of bibles and some dreary brown calico to cover their lovely nakedness. I remember he told me his mother lived in Kensington. They ate him all right. And I was glad. He was a horrid little man. So pompous and godly."

"Miranda!" Pemberton-Lennox covered his face with trembling hands. He was unutterably shocked, and also terribly afraid.

"I hope you don't think I'm a horrid little man, too?" he ventured, humbly, hopefully.

"On the contrary," she said, "I find you delightful. So young! So fresh! So naïve, if you don't mind my saying so. And very handsome. There's no denying that. Nice cheek bones. Good teeth and nails. Not an ounce of spare fat anywhere."

Pemberton-Lennox shuddered. Her description was too anatomical for his present mood.

"All the same," she continued, "it's a great nuisance you've come. I don't quite know what I'm going to do about it. You see, I never interfere in matters of this nature. Anyway, you'd better go to bed now. I shouldn't let this little business worry you. After all, if the worst comes to the worst, they're very humane about it. I'm particular about that. They used to do them like lobsters. That's all over. And it's a nice place to lay your bones, so to speak. Which reminds me, they've prepared a very comfortable bed for you. Sandal wood. Aromatic. And some supper. You'll find it's a pleasant wine they produce. A little on the sweet side, perhaps. Quite heady, though. It'll make you sleep. Good night to you! It's been most interesting to have news of the great world. We must have another talk to-morrow. Good night!"

Pemberton-Lennox went to his hut and got pixyllated as quickly as possible.

Days passed. Nights passed. And the moon waxed greater and yellower, casting an ever-widening trail on the ocean. Pemberton-Lennox was pixyllated most of the time.

On the third night before the full moon Miranda sent for him ceremonially. The four magnificent young men, who had become his personal bodyguard, bathed him and perfumed him and wreathed him in garlands of orchids. He became more gloomy with each ministration.

"What news?" he asked as he squatted on the steps beside her. "Has anything been decided?"

"It has." Miranda smiled at him maternally. "The choice is for you to make. I did the best I could."

Pemberton-Lennox brightened. He was by nature irrepressibly optimistic.

"Choice?" he repeated. "What's the choice? Sporting of you to help me!"

"You may choose whether you will be the sacrificial guest on the night of the full moon ——" she paused and sighed.

"Yes, yes," he prompted, "or——?"

"Or—whether you will take a canoe and provisions and trust to luck. I must tell you that there is a condition attached to this alternative."

"I agree to any condition, any condition whatsoever." He was almost in tears, so great was his relief.

"You must swear by your honour as an English public school product never to tell any one in the world about the island, or about me, if you should reach so-called civilization, which is of course extremely doubtful. You must think carefully before you take your oath. One of your temperament, Edward, would not find it easy to keep. I realize that. But I'd rather boil you myself than have the promise broken. Now what are you going to do? You can have twenty-four hours to think it over if you prefer."

"Well, what do you expect?" he asked. "I'll take the oath and keep it, regretfully, of course. Who wouldn't take a sporting chance to live?"

"Just as you like. It's about a thousand to one, I'd say. And no good will come of you if you break your promise. The chief will see to that. He'll put a hoodoo on you. Well, we shall have to make arrangements for your departure. The chief will organize a ceremony and then you'll push the boat out, down the path of the setting sun. My people will regard you as a sacrifice to their local Neptune, and they'll expect to be safe from sharks for at least a twelvemonth."

All fell out as Miranda forecast. The four magnificent young men prepared the canoe and put in it a sail, spare paddles, a supply of cakes and wine, water and fruit. The villagers beat their drums and there was a flamboyant ceremony in the temple.

After the ceremony Miranda said good-bye to Pemberton-Lennox quite tenderly. He thought he saw a tear glisten in her eye. There were certainly several in his as he paddled away down the path of the sun. Behind him the drums throbbed ever more distantly till he could hear nothing but the plash of the water.

IT was six months before Pemberton-Lennox reached England by way of a base hospital in the Far East. He had a wonderful time. His friends gave a series of parties to celebrate the "wizard gong" which the King bestowed upon him at the Palace, and everything in the Pemberton-Lennox garden was wonderful.

For a whole month he managed to keep his promise. He was so busy. When the excitement of his return wore off he began to think about the island. The more he thought about it the more ridiculous his promise seemed. It was fantastic that Miranda should be allowed to waste her glorious talent for a mere whim. But it was positively outrageous that Pemberton-Lennox should throw away his career together with the story of the century. He must fetch her back. Restore her to her public. Once she was in England she would see things differently. He owed it to Miranda and to her friends.

He decided to tell just one or two of them. Jimmie Onyx, Powell, Gillian. They had plenty of money, and influence. They would finance him and persuade the authorities. He would lead the expedition.

Pemberton-Lennox could not bear to ponder a matter long once he had made up his mind, so he invited Onyx to dine with him at once. An idea for a play, that was the excuse, but a play about Miranda. And that was why Onyx accepted. He wanted to quash anything detrimental to the memory of the great tragedienne.

Pemberton-Lennox was too nervous to broach the subject till after dinner, by which time he had consumed quantities of cooking sherry, Algerian wine and brandy-type liqueur.

Then he plunged. Onyx quietly smoked a cigar while he unfolded his island story.

"Too fantastic, my dear fellow," he said finally. "Too fantastic. If you must do a play about the Maloney do it straight. Or do your island yarn but leave the Maloney out of it."

"But you don't understand," stuttered Pemberton-Lennox wildly. "I'm not telling you an idea for a play. I'm telling you the truth. I'm telling you what happened to Miranda. You've got to help me to get her back!"

Onyx eyed him coldly.

"You're drunk, (*Continued on page* 62)

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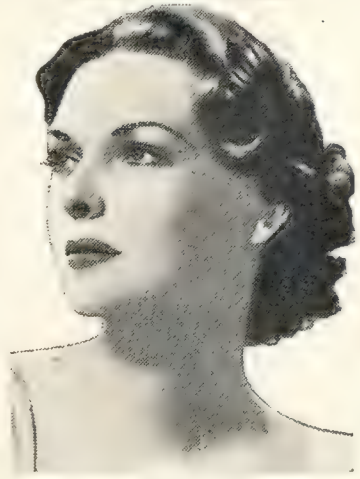

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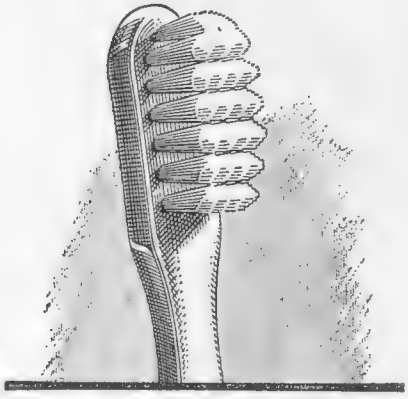
1 *At the Kerb* HALT
2 EYES RIGHT
3 EYES LEFT
then if the road is clear
4 QUICK MARCH
Don't rush
Cross in an orderly manner

2

EVERYBODY WANTS A...



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young man," he said, "absolutely drunk."

When he told them in the evening they all said that. Some said it kindly, and others not so kindly. It all amounted to the same thing though.

But when he started telling them in the daytime, too, they said he was obsessed. They began to remind each other of that photograph of Miranda he used to have in his rooms before the war. They wondered, perhaps, if the sun had affected him permanently—all those days on a raft couldn't do a chap any good.

At last, in despair, Pemberton-Lennox took to buttonholing strangers in pubs and telling them the story in confidence. He wrote to the Lord Chamberlain. He lobbied his M.P. He threatened high-ranking officers of the R.A.F. outside their clubs in Pall Mall, demanding the use of a bomber. He thought of nothing night and day but Miranda and the island.

When they found him at Land's End living in a hut on blackberries and a month's points expended on dates, and building a raft in a passion of feverish activity, they thought it was time to act.

Pemberton-Lennox now lives in a dream world of his own, suitably attended, adequately clothed and fed. His favourite nurse has long golden hair. He tells her stories about Miranda in the long winter evenings. They are all very fond of him there, but they do wonder why he positively refuses to wear his old school tie.

END

Tuck-In Blouse

(*Continued from page* 36)

These 12 rows form patt. Work until 11 ins. from the cast-on edge ending on the 10th row of patt.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

1st row.—Cast off 5, k. 5, * p. 2, k. 3, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4; rep. from *, ending p. 2.

2nd row.—Cast off 5, p. to end.

3rd row.—K. 2 tog., k. 4, * p. 2, k. 4, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3; rep. from * to the last 8 sts., k. 4, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 2 tog.

4th, 6th and 8th rows.—P. 2 tog., p. to the last 2 sts., p. 2 tog.

5th row.—K. 2 tog., * k. 3, p. 2, k. 4, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.; rep. from * to the last 10 sts., k. 3, p. 2, k. 3, k. 2 tog.

7th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 2, * p. 2, k. 4, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., k. 3; rep. from * to the last 4 sts., p. 2, k. 2 tog.

Continue on the remaining 92 sts. for 5¾ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 22 sts., cast off 48 sts. Work 22 sts. Work on the last 22 sts. for 1¼ ins. Cast off. Return to the first 22 sts. and work to correspond.

FRONT

Work as for the back until 2 ins. after the armhole shaping.

SHAPE NECK

Work 22 sts., cast off 48. Work 22 sts. Work on the last set of 22 sts. for 5 ins. Cast off. Return to the first 22 sts. and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 72 sts. Rib for 3 ins. in k. 1, p. 1, inc. in every 8th st. of the last row only (81 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and work 4 ins. patt.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 31 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK RIBBING

With No. 12 needles, cast on 276 sts. Rib 1 row, k. 1, p. 1.

2nd row.—K. 2 tog., rib 59. Take the next 3 sts. tog., rib 72, take the next 3 sts. tog., rib 60, take the next 3 sts. tog., rib 72, k. 2 tog.

3rd row.—K. 2 tog., rib 70, take next 3 sts. tog., rib 58, take the next 3 sts. tog., rib 70, take the next 3 sts. tog., rib 57, k. 2 tog.

Continue in this way, dec. at the same 5 points in every row, until 1¾ ins. from the cast-on edge. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew the side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, arranging fullness at the top of shoulders. Sew seam of neck ribbing and stitch to neck. Tack the frilled edging to the neck and sleeves.

END

Three-Toned Jacket

(*Continued from page* 36)

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on with brown wool 54 sts. Rib 2½ ins., k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 9 needles and work in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until 96 sts. Work without further shaping until 19 ins. from the beg. of the cast-on edge, then cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 44 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIPS

With No. 12 needles and dark wool, cast on 14 sts. Rib 2½ ins., k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonhole.

Rib 4 sts., cast off 6 sts., rib 4 sts.

Next row.—Rib 4 sts., cast on 6 sts., rib 4 sts. Make further 6 buttonholes 2¾ ins. apart. Rib until 20½ ins. from the cast-on edge. Cast off. Work another piece omitting buttonholes.

NECK EDGING

With No. 12 needles, cast on 120 sts. Rib ½ in., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 9 needles and No. 1 light wool, cast on 54 sts. Work as for the back until 7½ ins. from the beg., inc. at the armhole edge only. Change to No. 2 light wool and work as for the back until 15 ins. from the beg., inc. at the armhole edge only until 66 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next patt. row, work 2 more rows, dec. 1 st. each end of armhole edge. Change to dark wool and dec. every row at armhole edge until 51 sts. remain.

Work 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next front edge row, then work 2½ ins., at the same time dec. 1 st. in every row at the neck edge until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 9 needles and No. 2 light wool, cast on 54 sts. Work as for back until 7½ ins. from the beg. of the cast-on edge, inc. at the armhole edge only. Change to No. 1 light wool, and work as for the back until 15 ins. from the beg. of the cast-on edge, inc. at the armhole edge only until 66 sts.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next k. row. Work 3 more rows, dec. 1 st. in every row at armhole edge.

Change to dark wool, and dec. 1 st. in every row at armhole edge until 51 sts. remain. Work 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next front edge row. Then work 2½ ins., at the same time dec. 1 st. in every row at neck edge until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 armhole end rows.

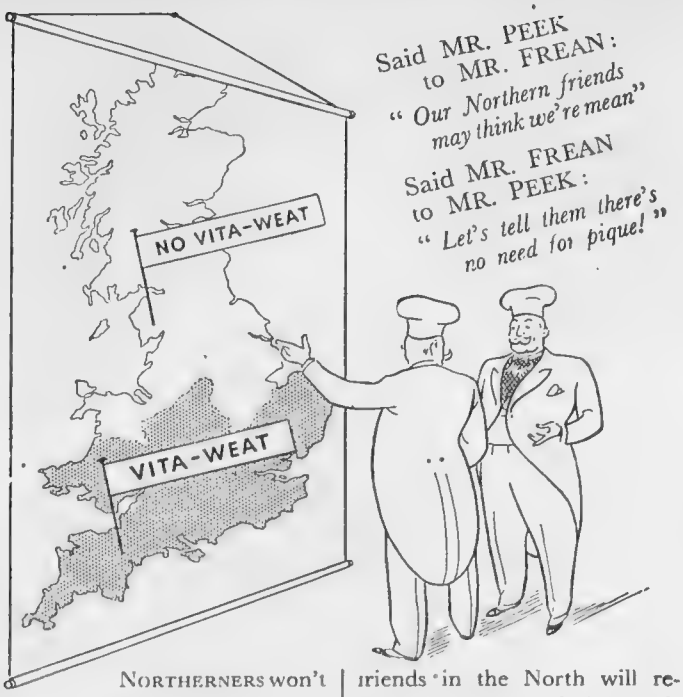
CROCHET BUTTONS

With No. 1 steel crochet hook. Make 8 ch. Work 14 rows of double crochet in the 8 ch. Fold in half and pad with wadding. Sew up the sides (make 7 buttons in all).

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, pleating at the top of the shoulders. Sew edging to neck. Sew front strips to the fronts. Sew on buttons.

END



Said MR. PEEK
to MR. FREAN:
"Our Northern friends may think we're mean"
Said MR. FREAN
to MR. PEEK:
"Let's tell them there's no need for pique!"

NORTHERNERS won't be able to get Vita-Weat until after the war, as the Government's zoning scheme is now in operation. But Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean hope that their friends in the North will remember them, and that their more fortunate customers in the South will be able to get a share of the limited supplies of Vita-Weat that are available.

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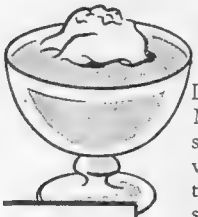

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Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

second, day and night, being "alone," and thought of privacy as "the ultimate luxury of the modern world." How he adapted himself to lower-deck life and plumbed the rich fund of humanity in his shipmates he tells in "Home from Sea" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), a chronicle of training-ship days, Chatham Barracks, Arctic patrols in a county class cruiser, and the heaven of tea in bed when he was invalided out. Mr. Winn has never been afraid of the personal heart-on-sleeve touch; it enables him here to give an intimate picture of the sailor's life as it impinged on a sensitive temperament rather different from the "Yoho, yoho, and a bottle of rum" kind.

A MAN must love the country to live in the arable heart of it while working in town and enduring daily a twelve-mile journey to the station, an hour's train ride, plus twenty minutes underground—four hours' travelling both ways. In "Part-Time Countryman" (Faber, 7s. 6d.) Mr. Gerald Millar writes of the joys and contents that make it worth while, including friendly neighbours, village pubs, garden and orchard, shopping jaunts, and the pink-coated hunt. He is honest enough to touch also on rural tyrannies. There is no down-the-garden-path about Mr. Millar; he belongs to the lonely farmstead, the ploughed field.

WHAT would you do with a novel that began: "I was walking by the Thames. Half-past morning on an autumn day. Sun in a mist. Like an orange in a fried fish shop. All bright below. Low tide, dusty water and a crooked bar of straw, chicken-bones, dirt and oil from mud to mud. Like a viper swimming in skim milk"? Say, "Like nothing, like hell!" and slam it to? But if you did that with Mr. Joyce Cary's "The Horse's Mouth" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) you would miss a bright, bold story of Chelsea's artist sub-world—the resumed chronicle of Gulley Jimson, sub-genius, sly, garrulous, hard-up rogue at sixty-seven, though his earlier work is now being "collected"; ex-prison scamp who yet has his own fierce artistic integrity. Mr. Cary is wilful, staccato, violently unconventional; but once he gets you he becomes an acquired taste, and you swear by instead of at him. . . .

Some believe you should go back to old places, but never to old loves; you can light a cigarette twice, but never a romance. In Miss Margaret Lane's "Where Helen Lies" (Heinemann, 9s. 6d.) Charles Denham, who runs an art gallery, goes back to his actress love, Eileen Oran, after ten years' mismarriage with the smart, selfish, self-regarding Isabella. The story is a penetrating study of well-bred incompatibility which the adoption of a child, then the arrival of one of their own, failed to cure. It is subtle, sophisticated, with acute characterization, especially of the women.

Miss Leonora Starr's "The Colour of Happiness" (Herbert Jenkins, 8s. 6d.) is also a story of love at cross-purposes, this time because Sharrow, her heroine, is told by the man she loves that it is "wiser, far, to marry for liking than for love," and naturally rebels against a proposal on such terms, fearing that the "liking" is no more than a left-over from love given to another woman. ATS friend and military camp background give it immediate interest.

In Mr. John Herries McCulloch's "Back Road to Glory" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.) the love is of shepherd's son for laird's daughter, shepherd's daughter for farmer's son, in a remote Scottish valley, and of the earthy kind that leads to "trouble"—as the shocked parents always call it. Sturdy young Rob Byers is the peasant incarnate, and there is strong drama in his and his family's relations with yeoman class and county. Inevitably, he has to take the road out of the valley to find the glory.

Mr. Winston Clewes's love interest in "The Violent Friends" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) is the immortal story of Dean Swift, Stella, and Vanessa, for it is a bionovel of romanticized fact, dramatically presented. He makes convincing figures of the bitter, irate, stormy Dean who gave us "Gulliver," and the two women who brought him emotional torture as well as happiness. An ambitious theme, tackled with fervour and considerable skill.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:—

"The Women in the Picture," by John August (Selwyn & Blount, 8s. 6d.). A highly entertaining spy story, which moves at a fast pace throughout, and with an unusual love interest.

"Who Killed the Curate?" by Joan Coggin (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.). A mystery murder story in which the vicar's wife plays a prominent part in solving the cause of the death of the young curate.

"Nature Parade," by Frank W. Lane (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.). A new and revised edition of a nature book that is different.

END

Ah! The Tragic Folly

(*Continued from page 28*)

Mary, his wife, and Rory's mother, over to England. And after his next voyage he had obtained short leave and gone back in search of his son. To be met with an impenetrable bitterness. The son disowned the father. Denounced him for a traitor. Spat upon him. And turned away.

That was the last time Captain Managh had seen Rory. He had never thought to see him again.

Then, indirectly, he had heard of Rory's marriage. Mary's and his wedding gift was returned unopened. Lamed by an English bullet in the "Rising," Rory had completely allowed his rabid hate of the English to acidify his sanity. And it festered round a father whom he styled a dirty English sycophant.

Slow on its wooden fuel the train jerked and rolled along the grass-grown track, permitting no continuity to Captain Managh's sorrowful reminiscences. It snapped them apart into staccato flashes.

He saw again Rory's dark, execrative, boyishly lined features, the fanaticism in his hot eyes. He felt again the spittle upon his cheek. Saw again the slight, limping, shabby figure of his son go with shoulders squared down the road, out of his sight. . . .

Captain Managh descended thankfully at his destination. He stretched cramped legs, marched unheeded through a township that had crackled with the spite of snipers' bullets the last time he was in it. To-day it appeared strangely peaceful in a world at war.

He went out to the street and the waiting jaunting-car he had hired at the station. He dismissed it on the brim of the hill that looked down upon the hamlet of Brogbriggan.

And when Captain Managh turned left past the stream and went but a few paces around the hill he found his son Rory standing there waiting, bleak, uninviting.

The hand the captain had outstretched went back into his pocket as he advanced. "I did not expect to have you meet me, Rory," he said.

"Should I not? When my house is closed to you."

Rory stood stiffly at attention. Yet it was easy to see the foot that was twisted in the dust of the road. Captain Managh took his gaze from it, his eyes moistening.

"I am sorry about that, Rory, boy."

"And being sorry ye still drive ships full of guns to the English who did it?"

"You would sooner I took them to the Germans?"

"The Germans never have done me hurt."

"Ah! But had they conquered England. It would not have been long before they were here. Despite de Valera. Rory, the English have many faults. Who amongst us has not? The Irish? But both the sins of the Irish and the English added (*Continued on page 66*)

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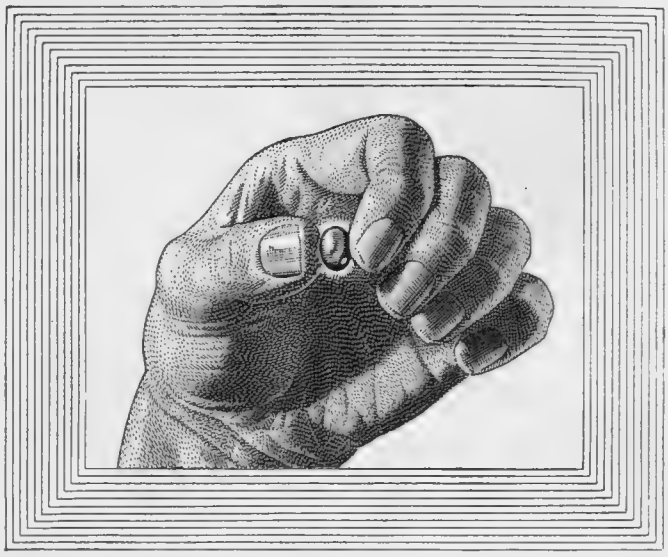

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together would not mount near the height of the deviltries of the Germans that I saw with my own eyes in Russia."

"It is meself that has seen what the English did in Ireland," Rory said. "Ay! And felt it too. And you, an Irishman and my father, the curse be on me, fighting on their side in a war."

"You thought to shoot. And not be shot back at? Rory, ye haven't altered. It is foolish to discuss it further."

"Then why be foolish enough to make a journey from your adopted country to discuss it?" Rory snapped.

"Ah! I wish to God I had only done that."

The father hesitated the while the son stood half-turned upon a heel, his lame foot dragging, ready to go.

When Captain Managh spoke his voice was low, held a tremor. He said: "Ye had a son, Rory. Your son. He would be my grandson."

"I have a son. I will not argue that he is grandson to you. He was in the States raising money to equip the I.R.A. until the damfool Yanks came in the war. Then he had to flee to South America. He is there yet. Waiting on a ship."

"He is not. Rory—he is dead."

The knuckles of Rory's thin hand showed ivory.

"Rory. I cannot tell you how sorry I am."

Rory saw it for the truth. He whispered: "Connell! Tell me. He was killed fighting against the English?"

"You reared Connell to a great and false bitterness. You bred hatred in him. With which no man can live. True or false you thrust it in him. Gave the boy no chance to discover the right or the wrong of it himself," Captain Managh accused implacably. "Rory, maybe you had the right to sear and embitter your own life. Ye had no manner of right to mar Connell's."

"Tell me of him," was all Rory would answer.

Captain Managh told him. "We had casualties going out," he said. "I had to take on five new hands. And we made an extra quick turn around. I saw nothing of those new hands until—three days out a U-boat got us. Eleven of us were saved. Because my bos'n was holding on to Connell when the ship was hit, he, the bos'n, had Connell's jacket in his hands when he was picked up. There were photographs in a wallet."

"Ye're telling me my son was working an English munition ship?"

"Your son. And my grandson. Yes. But Connell had discarded his connection with the I.R.A. In America he saw the truth as it is. Rory, your son took ship home to fight for England."

"It's a lie. A damnable lie!"

"His wallet will prove it when I have finished. Your sinful teaching failed. It failed, I tell ye."

"How did Connell—die?"

"Ask me, first, why. And I will answer. Because you had engrained in the boy a stupid gratification of flouting orders. As if

Ah! The Tragic Folly

laws and regulations had been made solely by the English to the persecution of the Irish. Bah! Rory, despite strict orders, a match was struck on the deck of my ship at night. It was seen by a German submarine. My ship was lost. The man who struck that match was—Connell."

The tragedy of it passed Rory by. Only the empty triumph stayed. He cried: "Connell was responsible for the sinking of an English ship?"

"He was."

"The good God be praised! My son!"

"Wait!"

Captain Managh paused before he continued.

"I knocked him down. In the dark. Not knowing who he was. But too late to stop that damnable match. It was seen. The explosion knocked me out. Connell was hurled into the sea. Someone got me to a boat. And from that boat, Rory, I watched my grandson redeem himself.

"The moon slipped out of the cloud bank. It lit the world. The U-boat surfaced to examine its work. I saw her grey evil hull come slowly out of the water.

"She came up almost underneath a man who was swimming. Connell. My bos'n recognized him. Connell climbed on the U-boat. I saw him pull a sheath-knife as he reached the hatch.

"He was there, waiting, when it opened.

"I saw the knife lift and stab down. I saw Connell grab the German he had killed and haul him partly out of the hatch."

Captain Managh wiped beads of sweat from his brow.

"Connell held that dead German sailor in position. I saw him take the fellow's revolver. Fire it down into the submarine. To prevent men below moving the body. While the hatch was propped open by that corpse the U-boat could not submerge.

"Could she have submerged she might have escaped. But Connell was giving the destroyers time to reach her. I saw their shells burst, Rory. Over. Short. And target."

There was a silence. Then Captain Managh held out a hand.

"Rory, your mother and I would like to try and ease your sorrow."

Rory's eyes burned fanatically. His jaws worked. But there was no saliva in his dry mouth to make spittle. The motions of the son's lips disgusted the father.

Captain Managh turned hopelessly away. When he reached the top of the hill he looked back at the sweet green patchwork of fields; at the madder-brown peat; the gold of hayricks; the cobalt, mist-veiled hills in the distance. And overhead the serene cobalt heavens. Amidst that beauty the tiny figure of Rory standing without movement, stricken, epitomized the tragic folly of mankind. It seemed to throw a gigantic dark shadow across the world. A shadow that stretched even into the dim and distant future.

END

The Shape of Cars to Come...

(*Continued from page 29*)

reaction—a reaction to years of economical lighting—interior lights will be a stressed feature of the new cars. Lights will automatically spring to life when the doors are opened, as they did before, and will be placed in every conceivably useful (or merely decorative) corner. But one blackout measure will have borne good fruit, both from the motorist's and the pedestrian's point of view: we are unlikely to see powerfully glaring headlights again, blinding and dazzling circles of light; some adaptation of the headlamp mask is likely to remain as a permanency.

Glass, improved immeasurably by war experience, will be shatterproof; details such as windscreen-wipers, all the better for the improvements and modifications imposed upon them by duty under exotic or peculiar conditions. It is not too much to say, in fact, that everything connected with a car—engine, coachwork, accessories—will have benefited by the research, adaptation and trials imposed upon it by war needs and service.

It goes without saying that every car is likely to have a built-in wireless set; this will prove a mixed blessing, perhaps, to one who visualizes, only too clearly, the peaceful English countryside disrupted by passing strains of melody or otherwise.

Going a step further, it is painfully easy to imagine the day when cars will be fitted with transmitters as well as receiving sets. Thus, the motoring housewife of an age to come will be able to send a message from her jet-propelled car ("Calling The Elms! Calling The Elms!") directly to her mechanical robot on the twentieth story of her steel-and-concrete "home," with a reminder to turn off the radio-controlled fire which had been absent-mindedly left switched on. . . .

END

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See You For Lunch, Lady!

(Continued from page 32)

"Pay no attention to my sister. She was in the WAAF."

A peculiar masterly feeling had taken charge of David. "Why not come across and have a drink?"

"I would sooner be found dead in an orphanage."

"Wench!" said her brother. "You are not yourself. Besides, you look like something out of *Macbeth*. Go comb your hoary locks and put on a sweet smile for your brother's guest."

For reply she slammed the bedroom door behind her.

"Have I said something?" Mitchell asked.

"Come and have a drink, anyway," David said, and as he opened his own front door the Pekes greeted him. The dogs poured over him in a tawny cascade, yapping their delight. The third front door on the corridor opened cautiously and an ominous figure appeared. In pyjamas and a dressing-gown, hanging loose, it had a dazed look.

"Oh, gosh!" David breathed. "The general. The row's woken him up and now there'll be hell to pay."

He made a dive to collect the Pekes, but they slipped through his fingers like golden sand, streaking down the corridor. They crammed past the general, and as he staggered back sounds of steeplechasing came from the fastness of his flat. Before David could make up his mind what to do with the situation the torrent of dog reappeared, swept up the corridor into his own flat, and charged on a further reconnaissance in full feather over the furniture and beds. He slammed his front door quickly.

The general appeared. "Dogs!" he yelled. "Infernal brutes! What's the place comin' to, eh? I'll complain to the management."

"I'm terribly sorry, sir!"

"Dashing about all over the place. Dogs everywhere. Over a fellow when he's lying in his bed. Under the furniture. In the chairs. Yap, yap, yap!"

"They won't get loose again, sir. I'm sorry they——"

"Everywhere you look," insisted the general, addressing no one in particular. "Dogs. Dogs. Confounded brutes!" He slammed his front door.

"You seem to be getting yourself all mixed up with these dogs of yours," Mitchell agreed. "The old boy sounded as if he were going to make an issue of it with the management."

"It's your sister I'm worrying about."

"Oh—her! Well, she lives for that cat of hers. She'll get over it."

When he had gone David got ready for bed. The sniffing and scraping in the bathroom showed no signs of abating, and when he at length switched off his bedside light ready for sleep the dogs began to scratch determinedly at the door. He had to get out of bed. When he opened the bathroom door three manicured doormats shot out as one.

By the time he had switched on the lights the three dogs were curled for sleep: Bandit on the bed, Stooge A in one armchair, Stooge B in the other. They evidently knew their rights and were going to see they got them, so he let it go. But when he tried to get into bed himself, Bandit put up a low menacing growl. Finally he had to make a running jump of it to get under the covers, and, even then, every time he moved in bed, Bandit growled in a way that suggested throats were two a penny where he came from.

It was after three in the morning when a terrific clamour of yapping woke him with a start. Someone was knocking at his front door and he admitted a man he recognized as the house detective *(Continued on page 68)*

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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The Best in the World

in company with a policeman. His first thought was: What have those damn dogs done now?

"We called you on the phone," the detective explained. "But you didn't answer. We don't want to alarm any one, but there's been a burglary on the third floor and the man has got clean away. The police want to have a look at the roof."

"Go ahead!"

The two men climbed through the bathroom window out on to the tiles, watched with interest by the Pekes. After a while they climbed back. "Whoever it was, he got away over the roof," said the cop. "Pretty neat job. I suppose you heard nothing, sir?"

The detective had knocked on the front door across the way and David crossed the corridor. "We don't wish to frighten the ladies," he was saying.

"My sister won't mind," Mitchell told him. He called out to her.

"Won't mind!" she echoed. "Won't she! You won't get me into bed with a burglar wandering round the place."

"He got away," David pointed out, watching her with his heart missing a beat, "hours ago."

"First," Dinah said, "it's dogs killing one's cat. Then a man losing his temper and kicking the furniture about. And now, burglars. And you ask me to go back to bed!"

A figure appeared on the landing, shaking a finger in the cop's face. "If I have any more damn nonsense about those dogs," said the general, "you'll hear from my solicitors."

"What dogs, sir?" asked the house detective.

"It's like this——" began David, but the general shouted him down.

"Damn dogs under yeh feet. Jumpin' across your stomach when you're lyin' in bed. It's an outrage!"

"I can tell you what dogs," the girl pointed out, holding David's eye levelly.

"Are you looking for dogs, or burglars?" David demanded.

"Burglars, sir."

"Well, let's stick to burglars."

"Quite right," Mitchell offered sternly. "Dipper, how about coming in for a drink to greet the dawn, eh?"

David was watching the girl. He knew then that something had happened to him. In the wrap, with her hair over her shoulders like a platinum cascade, she looked so beautiful it hurt him. "Coffee," he suggested. "And eggs and b——"

Dinah Mitchell looked him over from slippers to eyebrows. "Get it yourself, wing commander," she said. "I've changed my mind about going back to bed."

The two men cooked themselves bacon and eggs in the kitchen and ate their early morning breakfast in the dining-room. Mitch got an American station on the radio, with dance music, then over a couple of Scotches they began to talk over old times.

It was getting on for 5 a.m. when Dinah appeared on the scene again. "Must we have the B.B.C. all night?" she asked.

"The B.B.C.—thank God!—dies at midnight," Mitch told her. "This is just a little something to drown your snores."

David blushed furiously. "It's the Pekes," he said quickly.

She snapped off the radio. "So now I not only snore, but I snore like one of your loathesome brutes. Like a dog!"

"What I meant was——"

"I think you're odious. If you want to know, I think you're positively revolting. You and your dogs!"

"Look here!" said David. "Those dogs don't belong to me. I never saw them before to-night. They belong to the man who gave me a job and if anything happens to them——"

"To *them*!"

"If anything happens to them, Malcolm Davidson——"

"Who?"

"Malcolm Davidson. My boss."

"So this is how you treat his dogs!" she said. "Is there any coffee left?"

David leapt for the kitchen to get it. Mitch said: "You seem to have changed your mind."

"I'm feeling better now. I know how to deal with that oaf of a wing commander."

She took the coffee off to her bedroom.

"Old boy," Mitch confided. "You'll have to look out with your boss. Old Davidson is the mater's brother. He's my uncle. That wench has it in for you over her cat."

David poured himself another drink and chewed the business over. This last crack seemed to him a little unnecessary. At the back of his mind a hazy idea had begun to germinate, connected with his good job, bright prospects, a peaceful future tied up somehow with this girl. It seemed strange what three Pekes could do to a fellow.

It was some time later that he woke with a start to notice Mitch had dozed off in his chair. He was about to tiptoe out of the flat and back to bed, when—there was to be no peace that night—out of the blue, Bedlam broke loose once more across in his flat. Keyed for action by the terrific din, David leapt across the corridor.

He was just in time to see a flying figure streak into his bathroom festooned by flying forms of the Pekes. Bandit and his stooges, with their eyes flashing and their jagged ears streaming like flames, were yelling "Murder!" as they hit the trail. Out of the bathroom window, on to the leads. . . .

He was about to follow when shrieks rose from the ill-fated flat across the way. As David lent an ear, stricken with horror, a crashing of furniture, shouts, and the howling of a cat in anguish mixed themselves into the din.

What had been happening he was not quite sure. But of what was now happening there could be little doubt. The Pekes were at that cat again. When he burst into the flat he got a shock. Dinah Mitchell was standing in the doorway, and facing her was a strange man threatening all hades with a chair leg. In that one glance David saw that Mark Anthony was back over Derain with the Pekingese breakwater dashing itself once more on the rocks.

As he brushed past her, the girl pulled at his arm. "He's—he's knocked Bill out!" she sobbed. "Look out——"

In two leaps David was on him. He caught a crack on the back of his shoulder, then with a sweet swing he hit the fellow on the jaw. As he sagged David hit him twice, once in the ribs and once over the left ear. As he fell, David jumped on him.

The crash brought the Derain to the floor, and with it Mark Anthony. For a moment the room seemed full of cat, then something clawed at his shoulder and, finally, he went under to a cloud of dogs.

When David began to take notice once more, someone was giving him a drink of brandy and he noted with satisfaction that it was Dinah. The house detective and a police constable were hauling the man he had been fighting out of the flat. "Take it easy, wingco," Dinah was saying. "That was the burglar you nailed. Got into your flat and the Pekes nabbed him. Chased him through into here."

"You must be fond of open windows."

"Skip it. Look at Bill."

He saw his pal, Mitch, with a bump as big as a tennis ball over one eye. "I was asleep," Mitch said, "and that cow dotted me."

David came to himself with a horrified jerk. "Those Pekes!"

"Locked in my room with all the windows *shut*," Dinah told him.

"The cat, Mark Anthony," said Mitch, "has disappeared. Done a bunko. Skedaddled. And I don't blame him."

David pushed out of his chair. "Job or no job, I'll murder those brutes!"

She pushed him back. "Thank you for the sentiment—but Mark Anthony'll come back.

See You For Lunch, Lady!

You're going to have some more breakfast. It's eight o'clock."

He thought it was very sporting of her about the cat, and it seemed to David that she had been fixing him in a queer sort of way. "I'm not going to sit here while you——"

"Do you always have to have a fight about everything?"

He went with her into the kitchen. "Thanks about wading in at that man," she mentioned, cracking an egg on the edge of the frying pan. "I was scared stiff."

"I was more scared of you than of that thug," he told her. Her shoulder was touching his shoulder, and it did not seem to him that she moved away. "Glad to be of service," he said, raising an arm to ensure the status quo. "Dinah," he said, turning her towards him, "I'd do it again, any time, if——"

She was looking at him squarely and there was something in her eye. "Wingco," she said, "how would you like one on the bean with a frying pan? Do you want bacon and eggs, or what?"

"I'll take or what," he told her, greatly daring. "And the frying pan thrown in." He kissed her.

She took no immediate measures to defend herself. "Wingco," she said, "behave yourself, for heaven's sake!"

"Lunch with me to-day?" he begged.

"I might." She was shifting her eyes quickly over his face—eyes, lips, those upright and outstanding ears. "It could be rather nice."

"And you won't sneak to your uncle about what I've been doing to his dogs?—and," he added fairly, "what they've been doing to me?"

"Uh-huh."

"Oh, cripes!" sounded a disgusted voice from the kitchen door. "I thought the idea was bacon and eggs."

"Coming up!" Dinah said. "I'm being encumbered by your pal, the wingco. Was that all you had to say, William?"

Mitch came into the kitchen. "The old general has just gone off in a taxi to a nursing home," he reported. "Lift boy's just told me."

"Back to the nursing home," Dinah corrected. "D.T.s. The old boy keeps getting these bouts of thinking he sees dogs."

"*Thinking* he sees dogs!" David echoed. "Just the way D.T.s take him." A clamour rose in the bedroom: the air was filled with hysterical yapping.

"It's that Bandit," David said. "He gets the other two worked up and starts all the mischief."

"Make them shut up, Bill," the girl said. "Bandit? Why, that's the mother of the other two. Well! Look who's here!"

On tiptoe, with his back arched, Mark Anthony sneaked into the kitchen, spitting feebly at David. The barking in the next room reached a new high. "I'll have to shift those Pekes," David said.

"Leave them," Dinah told him. "They'd get back here somehow, whatever you did. Shut Mark Anthony up in your kitchen, would you?"

He took the cat and incarcerated it, then returned and ate another breakfast. As he left the flat Dinah called after him: "Aren't you going to say good-bye to your Pekes?"

He poked his head into her bedroom. The Pekes were curled comfortably; Bandit on the silk eiderdown of the bed, the two stooges on chairs. They turned their eyes on him without bothering to move.

David concentrated on the bow-legged Bandit. "You!" he said. "A mother with two children!" The matron blew through her chops, closed her eyes, and went back to sleep.

"See you for lunch, lady," he called into the kitchen.

"I'll be there, wingco," a voice told him.

END

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